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A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

I.

THE London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about 'done up,' were enjoying

themselves with an hilarity, that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success, in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than

that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: 'How is it that men whom in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn, and dejected by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?' The explanation probably is reaction—reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecuniosity at a modest profit of 80 per cent. might consider that the true *raison d'être* was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blest with expectations in the background, and usually have a rever-sionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7.30 p.m. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavourable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pier-head, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation—these things are pleasant enough *per se*, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd and company without effort. You may meditate *solus*, or *solus cum sold* you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charm. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamp fixed to their mastheads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below; and the whole effect being that of a

marine illumination. A little further on, and you can see the line of light on the mainland and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde alive with gas and the windows of the Victoria Yacht 'Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you: and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railings of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder—the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amid its rigging—the 'Sea Fan' was her name—Mr. Jim Lawlesse was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters: and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James's Street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawlesse had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the 'Sea Fan.' But the 'Sea Fan's' owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawlesse was the man in possession *pro tem.* A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawlesse's attention was

aroused. The party had come from the 'Petrel,' about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the 'Petrel,' Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters, who stood to each other in the relation of step-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice, Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up to the two as they landed it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself: for the baronet regarded Mr. Lawlesse as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.

'Ah! Lawlesse; thought it was Moonington,' said Sir Hedworth; 'said he would be here to meet us.'

The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Ryde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch: so said the ladies: Moonington was an ass: so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawlesse in particular.

Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

'Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawlesse?' asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going: and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them: and so they all were. 'And so we shall all meet again presently.' And Jim Lawlesse sauntered off after having bade the ladies an *au revoir*—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare too.

'I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the honourable Sam's,' said Jim Lawlesse as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the first waltz.

II.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year: so said everybody: and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a balcony into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth rested his eldest daughter, on that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate Dare. The Baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero approaching in the distance.

Amid an indescribable chatter strongly flavoured with marine jargon the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his *vis-à-vis* the gentleman whom we have for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are some time or other, was over at last, and within a very few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawlesse claimed the younger of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who without doubt was the object of his affection and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and

disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Honourable Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy: and the pair whirled off. The elder of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the *contretemps*, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger and half-sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her: she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare. In plain truth this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault: as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her pleasures—and they were not incon siderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ball-room. Curiously enough Kate and Mr. Lawlesse had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously. Curiously enough, also the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed the movement.

'I think,' said that young lady, in a low tone, 'we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea.'

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawlesse.

'Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawlesse. How very sentimental!' And Edith looked up into the face of the Honourable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.

'Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawlesse? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent.'

'I suppose,' returned Mr. Lawlesse, who had evidently been reading '*Ixion in Heaven*,' 'that romance is to the romantic.'

'And who is romantic nowadays?

The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.

'I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly here—romantic perhaps, rheumatic certainly,' said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the attention of her sister and Mr. Lawlesse.

'Hadn't a notion,' remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, 'that anybody was so near.'

The Hon. Samuel Moonington did not ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that evening.

In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts visited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawlesse.

III.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball : Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, the Hon. Sam. Moonington, and Jim Lawlesse, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the 'Sea Fan.'

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht the 'Petrel.' His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The Baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball-night, and Mr. James Lawlesse was discreetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent oar. She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect than the yachtman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices, lodging-housekeepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels, and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the 'Petrel,' and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.

'Where's Kate, Edith?' inquired the Baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.

'Oh, down in the cabin, papa — I suppose.'

These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht 'Petrel.'

'Tell Kate to come up,' said Sir Hedworth, after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.

'Papa,' she said, on returning, 'I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come.'

This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be amongst the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favourite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the 'Petrel' went on.

Some person else had selected the present morning as a favourable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawlesse. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the 'Sea Fan.' The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.

'Looks uncommonly like a boat; and so far as I can make out, whoever is inside her is in distress, for

it appears to me,' said Jim, 'as if they were making signs.'

The master of the 'Sea Fan' was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would 'stand about' and try to get at the object.

'By Jove!' cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, 'it's a woman, I declare!'

And a woman it certainly was—evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were now within two or three hundred yards of the boat; and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up to this female Columbus.

'Miss Dare!' cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, 'is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?'

'Oh! Mr. Lawlesse, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, and thought—'

But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.

Jim Lawlesse transferred himself into her boat, and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible, she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the 'Sea Fan,' with Mr. James Lawlesse at her side.

'How very kind!' were her first words; and 'How very fortunate!'

'It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you: but there is no kindness,' said Jim. 'Don't speak till you have quite recovered.'

The recovery was not long delayed; and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawlesse exactly what had occurred.

'You know,' she said, 'that we—that is, papa, and Edith, and Mr. Moonington—were to have gone out for a sail in the 'Petrel' this morning. Well, I was dress-

ing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, on looking out of window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me.—The "Petrel" didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind; and I thought, most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it; and I rowed on and on; and when I looked back, the shore was ever so far behind, and I didn't know what to do; and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did: and I am really more obliged than I can say.'

Jim blurted out some disclaimer, in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible—where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.

'People talk so absurdly in Ryde,' added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clinch the plan.

When the shore was reached, there was scarcely a person visible; two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the 'Sea Fan'—one was Edith Dare, and another, Mr. Moonington.

'If that does not convince him nothing else will,' thought Miss Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonington had declared himself.

'Where on earth is Kate?' said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moon-

ington and his newly-gained fiancée.

'We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht,' was the sisterly reply.

'The devil you have!' replied the baronet, *sotto voce*.

'Ah! here they come, I declare,' added Miss Dare.—'Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?'

'Kate,' said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, 'I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised,' continued the Baronet when the library was reached, 'that you should have acted as you have done—that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—'

'Oh, papa! what do you mean?' burst in Kate. 'Mr. Lawlesse has saved my life.' And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The Baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

'Go up and dress for dinner, Kate. I will go and thank Mr. Lawlesse.'

Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

'No thanks whatever are due,

Sir Hedworth,' replied Jim. 'I am only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did.'

'Don't go, Lawlesse,' continued the owner of the 'Petrol.' 'Come and stay dinner.' And so saying, Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his elder daughter whom he saw coming.

'Edith,' he said, 'I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning?'

'Really, papa, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—pray go!'

Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.

'Lawlesse, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself.'

'Kate,' said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, 'don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, after all?'



TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.

CHAPTER XX.

LORD CHESSINGTON IN PURSUIT.

NUMEROUS contradictory rumours floated in the atmosphere of Riverdale in connexion with the popular actress's disappearance. That she had travelled by the train which met with so frightful an accident was the belief at first; but the station-master, who always went to the theatre when he got a chance (which I believe to be the universal custom with station-masters), upset this opinion at once. He had spoken to Miss Knollys; could not possibly be mistaken; had learnt from her that she wanted to join a lady who went to London by the slow train; recommended her to go by the express, and wait for her friend at Paddington. This was all he knew, and he told it oracularly to all comers. As he had not noticed Rosalind on the platform previously, there was nothing to mystify him. But other people had noticed her, and accordingly were mystified, and did not hesitate to say that the worthy station-master was getting stupid. Had this been true, which it certainly was not, I hold that he might have been excused, considering the frightful whirl of trains passing and repassing—some madly dashing through the station, others stopping for a few seconds only, being in a terrible hurry to get forward, others leisurely disgorging third-class passengers by scores, and waiting to take up scores more—amid which he passed his life. But indeed he was as sane as most people, and would have missed the trains terribly if the Prussians had invaded Eng-

land and stopped the traffic. It is recorded of him that when he had a week's holiday, he would pass it at an hotel near some great terminus or junction, and spend his days on the platform watching the trains.

Ianthe's evanishing caused the Earl of Chessington to be more in love than ever. He was a reflective man, not too prompt to act, and sometimes doubtful after he had acted of the wisdom of his course. When he thought over the interview with Ianthe, which ended in her rejection of him, he could not decide whether the little actress was or was not playing a part. Had she caught the malicious spirit of her favourite character, Rosalind, in Arden—the merriest yet most loving lady of all romance? Was she sending him away that he might return with redoubled ardour? He could not decide this question with any satisfaction to himself. Sometimes it seemed to him that he had made a mistake after all; that the Ianthe whom he loved was a creature of his imagination; that Miss Knollys, of the Theatre Royal, Riverdale, was a very common-place little person indeed. But, as is always the way with lovers, the reaction came, and he blamed himself for his disloyalty.

He was one of the last to hear that Ianthe had disappeared, for he had returned to Chessington, and did not go into Riverdale again for some days. When he did, all manner of conflicting rumours reached him. However, the one certainty, that the actress

was gone, settled the current of the Earl's thoughts. She had left Riverdale to avoid him, evidently. There was nothing histrionic in her refusal; she meant what she said; she was too high-minded, too proud, to accept a coronet. This idea delighted the Earl himself, the proudest of men, in a certain way; proud, that is to say, of a lofty lineage, with no bar sinister, and no murderers or thieves (save in the noble chivalrous way) among his ancestors. He was now more assured than ever that Ianthe ought to be Countess of Chessington. He compared her in his mind with several young ladies whom he knew of the highest rank—sweet family clusters of fragrant fruit ripening amid ducal strawberry leaves, and awaiting the choice of any perfect patrician like himself—and the comparison was altogether in Ianthe's favour. She was a wild woodland berry, shrinking shyly from sight amid the summer leaves. He turned with something like disgust from the thought of that prize fruitage carefully nurtured by a maternal gardener in the full southern sunshine.

So he decided to find Ianthe and repeat his question; but where was she to be found? Geoffrey Marden could have traced her into the arms of her great-grandsire; but Geoffrey kept his lips closed, and said no word to the Earl of that strange meeting with Sir Arthur Murray. The Hon. Geoffrey's return alone had caused the quidnuncs to think that perhaps, after all, they had been wrong in connecting his name with Ianthe's. Lord Chessington, with careful avoidance of Miss Knollys's name, made his inquiries at the railway station; and the result was that he determined to go to the scene of the

railway accident, and pursue his inquiries from that point.

So one fine afternoon the Earl walked into the village of Whitchurch, and made his way to the Silent Woman Inn. Under the old oak porch of that hostelry stood Lord Tixover, who had been kept a few days in the place by the measureless stupidity of the county magistrates. The Quixotic young Viscount's cool way of interfering with a woman-beater rather appalled the old fogies of the quorum; they thought a revolver a desperate piece of furniture for a gentleman's coat-pocket; and they almost sympathised with the scoundrelly coward of a blacksmith, who snivelled and said he was in fear of his life. Luckily, Tix was a peer, or he would have been locked up instead of the fellow who deserved it. As it was, he had to send to town for his solicitor, to trepan the skull of the justices' clerk; and, the case being adjourned, he was obliged either to spend a few days in Whitchurch, or to travel more than he cared. He decided in favour of the Silent Woman. The country was pretty; Mrs. Price treated him well; he had plenty of cigars. He was quite worshipped in the village after suppressing the bully of the stithy; every rustic maiden saw in him a fearless protector of the sex; he had to dine with the parson, and I am afraid the parson's only daughter was rather stricken by him. As that young lady had completed her eighth lustrum, I trust she possessed sufficient strength of mind to get over it.

'Why, Tix,' said the Earl, as he approached the inn, 'you here! What in the world are you doing?'

'Smoking,' replied Tixover.

'So I see, and I'll join you. But tell me, is it anything in connexion

with the relief of oppressed damsels that brings you to this remote village?

'Not at all. A railway accident landed me here. Why shouldn't I ask what brought you here?'

'You may, and I'll tell you. But, as the railway accident doesn't seem to have broken many of your legs, why are you here four days after its occurrence? Is there a lady in the case?'

'Yes, there is,' said Tix, laughing, 'and a very nice little girl she is. Would you like to know her? She's the daughter of the village blacksmith. I caught him thrashing her, and now I'm detained because I'm resolved the magistrates shan't let him off.'

'You Knight of La Mancha! But you know he'll thrash the poor girl again the moment he gets out, and you'll be miles away, unable to help her.'

'Wrong for once, my dear Chessington. My mother happened to want an under-housemaid. The girl's at Tixover Hall now, and if her ruffianly father follows her, the men have orders to duck him. Will that suit you?'

'You're a *preux chevalier*, Tix. But what will you do when you marry? Your wife will never allow you to rescue distressed damsels, and bring them home as housemaids. Besides, there's a limit to the number of housemaids a man wants.'

'We'll adjourn that difficult question,' said the Viscount. 'Now let me hear what brought you to this quiet village.'

'Well, there *is* a lady in my case. Did anybody besides yourself take refuge here?'

'Oh, that's where you are!' said Tix. 'Well, we've had a most romantic set of people here. First there was an abominable elderly female with a pretty little girl, who acted as her companion; then a

rather good-looking young fellow came to look after the young lady; then there turned up another young lady so like the first that you could hardly tell them apart, in the care of a fine old boy, so venerable that he would make Mr. Thoms's hair stand on end—a regular modern Methuselah. It was the oddest meeting, and I was an amused spectator.'

'But who were all these people?' asked Chessington, impatiently.

'Well, to tell you the truth, they rather puzzled me. The young fellow's name was Lydiard.'

'Launcelot Lydiard?'

'Yes. I knew something about his family. He seemed to be in love with one of the girls, or both—I can hardly say. They called the old gentleman Sir Arthur—Murray was his name, I fancy. But you know I did not talk much to them. The old woman had taken flight before Sir Arthur came down, and they seemed to have a lot of private affairs to settle. So I smoked quietly, and looked after my blacksmith. I am never inquisitive, except when I smell a rat.'

'Did you hear the name of Knollys mentioned?' asked Lord Chessington.

'To be sure I did. I heard one of the girls called Miss Knollys. Whether their true name was Knollys or Murray I am uncertain; but they were sisters—twin sisters I should say. You are anxious about them; very likely Mrs. Price, the landlady, may be able to tell you something. Do you recognise the party?'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Chessington, after two or three meditative puffs at his cigar, 'I know you are too true a philosopher to laugh at human eccentricities. If nobody were eccentric, what a confoundedly dull world

it would be! Well, I have been eccentric enough to fall in love with a little actress; and if she is what I believe her to be, and if she will accept me, I mean to marry her.'

'Quite right.'

'The name by which I know her is Ianthe Knollys.'

'That's it,' said the Viscount. 'One of those girls was called Ianthe, and the other I think was Rose or Rosa.'

'And they were very much alike?'

'Ridiculously. No stranger could tell them apart, except by the difference in their dress. They must be twins, of course.'

'I don't know,' said Lord Chessington. 'I have seen Ianthe as an actress; she called herself Knollys, which is probably an assumed name; of her family she has said no word to me. There is a Sir Arthur Murray, I believe.'

'Oh yes. My father used to have some wonderful stories of his fast life when there was a ladies' coffee-room at Boodle's, and the Pantheon was a fashionable but slightly improper dancing-room. I suppose this is the man.'

'I have some strange impression about him in connexion with our family, but I can't clearly recollect what it is. But when did they leave here, Tixover?'

'Two days ago. Whether they went up or down I haven't the least idea. Mrs. Price may know.'

Mrs. Price, it turned out, knew nothing at all about it, and seemed disinclined to allow a young lord to go off on a wild-goose chase after two young ladies—'no better than they should be, for aught she knew.' The railway accident had spoilt Mrs. Price. The Silent Woman had become too decided a centre of attraction. She had received unaccustomed guests; had entertained a viscount for some

days; and now saw an earl within her grasp. She rushed into a most eloquent description of the ducks and green peas she could give their lordships for dinner.

Tixover laughed.

To Chessington it was no laughing matter. He ejaculated—

'For God's sake, Tix, leave that wretched old Welshwoman to eat her own ducks, and come and see if they've any more sense at the railway station.'

Away they went, leaving Mrs. Price infuriate.

'Wretched old Welshwoman, indeed! As if Welsh wasn't a thousand times better than English. Indeed, to goodness, if they want my ducks now, they shan't have them.'

Still I believe Tixover mollified the good landlady, and had ducks and green peas for dinner.

At the station, Lord Chessington found a trace. The sole porter was rather a clever fellow. It is noticeable that being the only porter at a small railway station is very like keeping a turnpike; it makes a man either a humorist or imbecile. The former effect had been produced on the Whitchurch man. A humorist, he was of course observant; he had noticed two young ladies, very much alike, two tall gentlemen, one of whom looked immensely old. Some trunks had been brought up by train from Riverdale for the young gentleman and one of the young ladies. They went away by a down train. He put the tickets on their luggage. It was ticketed

OTTERMOUTH.

Lord Chessington gave him a sovereign, and started for Ottermouth by the next train.

CHAPTER XXI.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND LOVER.

When Sir Arthur Murray saw Launcelot Lydiard's telegram from Whitechurch, he was in no degree surprised by the coincidence which it involved. He was accustomed to anticipate coincidences in life. When first he met Launcelot he felt instinctive assurance that they were destined to meet again; this it was which caused the old gentleman to talk so freely with our hero. I can well believe that to a spectator capable of taking in its complexities, the game of life is very like a game of chess—wherein as we know, every piece and pawn has something to do with the ultimate issue. We who move on the surface of the board—the kings among us being only a trifle more elevated, the knights a trifle more potent, than the most ignoble of the pawns—can by no means guess at the ideas and calculations of the two great players who are for ever fighting the immemorial interminable match. We only know our own poor moves, without any notion of their influence on the general campaign. Some of us have a very firm faith that White will win in the long run; but it is only too certain that Black often scores a good many games. And when we come across what it is customary to call curious coincidences, we may safely conclude that they indicate movements in the great game of life which are definitely designed.

The two most remarkable games of skill which man has invented—unless, indeed, something cleverer perished with Babylon, or Nineveh, or Petra,

'That rose-red city, half as old as time'
—are whist and chess. Both these

have been compared to life, not without felicity. The comparisons are from different points of view. Man, which includes woman, is like a whist player; he is like a piece at chess. If one could look at life as the gods looked at 'the ringing plain of windy Troy' from the summit of Olympus, and could send Diomed into the field or make Achilles sulk in his tents, life would be like chess from the chess-player's point of view. But in life, as in whist, you know neither your opponent's hand nor that of your partner's; you cannot choose either partners or opponents; your highest skill is often subverted by that indefinable influence which we call luck. Hence a successful whist-player is usually a successful man. You cannot predicate anything of the kind as to a successful chess-player. The puppets of the latter have no life, you see; they must obey his behest; his sole business is to try his brain against that of the one man opposite him. Not so the cards—there is a magic in them. They are elves and gnomes, those kings and queens and knaves of pasteboard. To one man they cling continuously; another they always desert, and are found with his antagonists; a third they treat capriciously, giving him inexplicable alternations of good and evil fortune. O ye metaphysicians, which of you will define *luck*, and ascertain its sources? It is the admitted deity of generals and emperors, of stockbrokers and novelists. 'Nothing succeeds like success.'

Sir Arthur Murray, when he found that his other daughter (to abbreviate) was at Whitechurch, took Ianthe thither at once. In the interval, the portly Mrs. Winchester had become awake to the fact that she was in dangerous proximity to people who might possibly find her out; so she took

an opportunity of sending Rosalind for a walk, and before her return slipped off by the train. Rosalind, returning, found that her stout employer had vanished, and was at first a little puzzled. But our friend Launcelot, with Mrs. Price's help, made her understand that she was better without her matronly employer, and prepared her for the probable arrival of her sister. And as she had caught a glimpse of him at Chessington, she felt as if she had found a friend in her need. He, nothing loth, assumed a protector's position, and perplexed himself with the problem whether she, after all, was the girl he ought to fall in love with. He had learnt from the railway official who came from town that Ianthe was in the company of an ancient aristocrat; so he thought he would make hay during his few hours of sunshine.

'I never was so strangely situated in my life, Mr. Lydiard,' said Rosalind to him, as they walked toward the station. A down-train was due, and it was barely possible that Ianthe might arrive by it. 'I can hardly understand what has happened. Who can the old gentleman be that the railway guard talks about? I never heard of any Sir Arthur Murray. And how has Ianthe met with him? And how come they to know I am here? It is a riddle, isn't it?'

Looking up at him with perplexed blue eyes, and lips only too tempting, she made Launcelot feel that she *must* have been the lady of the photograph.

'I don't understand the old gentleman,' he replied. 'But we shall find out quite soon enough.'

Too soon, he thought. The old gentleman might turn out a nuisance.

'I wonder if they will come by this train,' she said, as a white

cloud of steam became visible a couple of miles away.

'I think it is too soon,' said Launcelot, gently. 'Naturally you are impatient. But I don't see how they could be here yet. I shall have to take charge of you an hour or two longer.'

'You have been excessively kind,' she answered. 'I don't know why you should take so much trouble about me. It was very good of you to send away that dreadful old woman.'

'She went of her own accord,' said Launcelot, honestly; 'or rather, Lord Tixover frightened her away. But don't talk of her.'

That the foul creature should for an instant occupy the thoughts of this innocent girl seemed to him hideous profanation.

The train did not bring Sir Arthur and Ianthe. Launcelot and Rosalind strolled back toward the inn by a path over green meadows where the concave ether was filled with the lark's wild song. Early as were the days of spring, there were mute signs of Nature's vitality everywhere. When the days lengthen and the sap flows you hail the new birth of the world. These two young people, met by strange accident, linked by odd coincidence, felt this. In both of them there simultaneously arose that joyous feeling which participates in the life and motion of the universe. They could no more help talking frankly to one another than the lark could help singing in the light, or the green juice struggling in the wheat-blades.

'What *should* I have done if I had not met you, Mr. Lydiard?' said Rosalind. 'And oh, if you knew what a strange position I have been in! And so has dear Ianthe. And even now I am sure I can't think what we shall do.'

'Perhaps I know more about it

than you guess,' said Launcelot, oracularly.

Rosalind took her hand from his arm, and stood still on the meadow-path, facing him.

'What do you know? You *must* tell me, Mr. Lydiard. Do you know Ianthe?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I know Ianthe.'

'Oh, how strange!'

'Not at all. I have known her for some time. Tell me, do you and your sister tell each other everything?'

'Why we have not met for ever so long,' she said, almost tearfully. 'And I can hardly believe I shall see her again now. And if I do, perhaps she will be changed.'

'I don't think she will,' said Launcelot. 'I know that her greatest longing in life was to find you again. Two foolish children—why did you part?'

'Did she tell you what I was doing?'

'No—she thought we might meet. She only told me you were exactly like her. But I knew I should find you when she told me about you.'

'Well, it is all very strange. Oh I wish Ianthe would make haste and come! Oh how dreadfully slow these railway trains are! I am so tired of waiting for her, Mr. Lydiard.'

'She can't be here for two hours more; so come to the inn, and let Mrs. Price give you the ladylike luxury of tea. After that we can walk slowly down to the station again.'

Rosalind obeyed. Kind Mrs. Price coddled her to her heart's content, giving her the strongest tea and the crispest cakes in her own special parlour, a room of corner cupboards filled with antique china and coloured engravings of sea-fights with Nelson in the foreground, and diamond-

paned windows looking out upon a disused bowling-green with yew-trees clipped into the similitude of peacocks and dolphins. But all this old-fashioned comfort quelled not Rosalind's impatience, and she insisted on starting to meet the next train at least half an hour before it could possibly arrive.

So, in the twilight, Launcelot escorted Rosalind once more to the station. He had not been drinking tea; he had been discussing 'Don Quixote' with Tixover by help of many cigars and one or two effervescent draughts. Tix thought the line—

'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,'

an idiotic utterance. Tix thought Don Quixote simply the typical man, the highest development of chivalrous humanity. He could perceive nothing ridiculous about him.

'Ridiculous!' exclaimed the Viscount, hotly. 'As well call Hamlet ridiculous, because he nobly hesitates to perform just vengeance. As well call Lear ridiculous, because he believes his daughters love him. As well call Othello ridiculous because his jealous Eastern nature makes him a murderer. If Quixote is ridiculous, so are all extremes—so was Elijah in the awful cave of Horeb—so was Edward, building a cross wherever his wife's corpse lay on its journey to Westminster. Pshaw! in this world the sole thing ridiculous is mediocrity. Quixote is my fair-ideal; I put him higher than poets put Shakespeare, or man-quellers Bismarck, or money-dealers Rothschild. He is the soul of knightly emprise: Sancho Panza is the humorous essence of camp followers.'

'What say you to Pickwick and Weller?' asked Launcelot.

'The most brilliant parody in

literature. Unluckily, the idea did not occur to our great genius in the first inception of 'Pickwick,' else might he have made him a real nineteenth-century Quixote, instead of a mere retired shopkeeper with a taste for adventure. But Sam Weller, in my judgment, is equal to Sancho Panza.'

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a message to Launcelot from Mrs. Price. Rosalind was ready, half an hour too early, of course. Down the hill they walked to the station, through the enchanted evenglome, with the stars just beginning to break through the pale blue sky. There were still streaks of saffron in the west. The little station was very quiet when they reached it; neither clerk nor porter was visible; so they walked up and down the platform of planks in silence.

Rosalind was longing to embrace Ianthe. Launcelot was wondering what would be his destiny when the travellers arrived.

Even trains come in at last. A small crowd of officials, passengers, expectants; tinkle of a telegraph bell; arrival of the solitary Whitchurch fly; and then the rumble of the train. Few passengers—two only of any consequence to us. Rosalind and Ianthe are in each other's arms, and Sir Arthur Murray smiles when he surprises Launcelot.

' You did not expect to see me,' he said.

' I should have as soon expected Stonehenge to travel this way,' said Lydiard. ' How strange that we should meet again in this way!'

' It was our weird,' said Sir Arthur. ' *Fatum est.*'

The travellers were escorted to the Silent Woman. Mrs. Price soon made them comfortable. Sir Arthur, indeed, walked through the world in a commanding fashion,

and somehow or other, by an influence which was essential to him, and in no way connected with his stately port and chivalrous demeanour, could always obtain courteous service from his inferiors. He was a natural aristocrat.

The position resolved itself into a double discussion. Sir Arthur and Launcelot had much to say to each other; Ianthe and Rosalind even more. Reversing the excellent old adage, *Place aux dames*, let us hear the gentlemen first.

' This is a curious meeting,' said Launcelot, when they were in a private room together. ' I little thought our meeting on the Ottermoor would be followed by a second meeting like this.'

' Life is a mere matter of coincidences,' replied Sir Arthur. ' I sometimes think this planet is selected as a place whereon to make experiments for the rest of the solar system. The oddest things are the things that always occur. I have been for many years out of all the main currents of life, but even to me in my isolation have happened the most remarkable things; and not the least remarkable was my unexpectedly meeting with you, who are evidently destined to mingle your destiny with mine in some way or other.'

' My meeting with Miss Ianthe Murray,' said Launcelot, ' was quite accidental, but it was connected with a previous incident in a curious way. I fear I am very foolish—perhaps I ought to say superstitious—but I cannot help believing in fatalities to some extent.'

' In that we agree at any rate,' interrupted Sir Arthur. ' Man may beat destiny; character is greater than circumstance; but the Fates dog us at every step, and only the best of us can treat them like the dogs they are. Man is in essence

godlike, but can only prove his divinity by conquering the difficulties that surround him, by breaking the meshes of the net of destiny, by asserting his freedom. Not one man in a myriad does this; and the men who do it grow fewer as what we call civilization drives us by myriads into one groove.'

'But civilization does infinite good,' said Launcelot, amused at the old gentleman's earnestness.

'I suppose so,' he rejoined, meditatively. 'One bull, even if it is John Bull himself, may be inconveniently lively, but a herd of oxen are manageable. Your fine word—civilization—is intelligible enough; it means turning the man into the citizen; it means obtaining order and safety at the expense of freedom and independence. When a planet grows too populous, I don't see what else is to be done. You can't send emigrants to the moon, even if there were air and water for them on their arrival. No; we must grow civilized and be transformed into herds and flocks of men. It is the only way. To me it matters little, since I am on the verge of discovering what men's destiny will be in another world. But I am prosing away on crotchets of my own, Mr. Lydiard. We have a matter of what may be styled business to settle. We know one another, and are old friends, indeed, and so it can be settled in a few sentences.'

Hereupon Launcelot told Sir Arthur Murray how he had met Ianthe; how he had obtained her confidence; how he had put to her the supreme question, and received a negative reply. Indeed he told the old gentleman, though with some hesitation, the story of the photograph.

Sir Arthur laughed.

'When Apollo condescended to paint portraits,' he said, 'I grew

ashamed of him; but it would seem that now he is going to establish a sort of Matrimonial Agency. Our old friends on Olympus are losing their aristocratic habits. Never mind: we must take things as they come; and perhaps, after all, there is something poetic in a young fellow's falling in love with a sun-picture. Better than falling in love with your own reflection, as some of you do in these days.'

The old gentleman was in a perfect humour, and talked much pleasant nonsense; but Launcelot found him quite a man of the world in practical matters; and they soon entirely agreed as to what was the best thing to be done at this curious conjuncture.

'It is a chapter of comedy,' said Sir Arthur. 'Two little girls exactly alike, after the fashion of Shakespeare's favourite twins; a lover who does not quite know which of them he loves; and a centenarian guardian who turns up to look after them, in defiance of "Notes and Queries." Now, Mr. Lydiard, what shall we do? Have you anything to propose?'

'No, indeed.'

'Well, I have. Let us get away from this as soon as possible, and take the girls to my Ottermoor cottage. I want to study them, to find out in what they are alike, and in what they differ. You will come, will you not?'

'Shall I not be in the way?'

'Certainly not. I want you to help in the introduction. You know one of the girls—which seems nearly equivalent to knowing both,—and, as you also know me, you will be of immense service. Besides, I belong to the past—to a past that is deservedly forgotten: these girls are young blossoms of the immediate present. You, being also young, can make them understand that—strange as



Drawn by J. W. Lewis.

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.

On the Monday Path.

Price Two Sh.

godlike, but can only prove his divinity by conquering the difficulties that surround him; by breaking the meshes of the net of destiny, by asserting his freedom. Not one man in a myriad does this; and the men who do it grow fewer as what we call civilization drives us by myriads into one groove."

"But civilization does infinite good," said Lamachot, smiling at the old gentleman's exortation.

"I suppose so," he answered, musingly. "One can see if it be John Bull himself, may be inconveniently freely, but a herd of men are unbearable. You fine word—civilization—is intelligible enough; it means turning the man into the citizen; it means obtaining order and safety at the expense of freedom and individuality. When a person grows too popular, I don't see what else can be done. You can't send emigrants to the moon; and there would you have no place or time around, so you must grow civilized and be transformed into herds and flocks of men. It is the only way. To me it matters little, since I am on the verge of discovering what men's destiny will be in another world. But I am passing away on eggchests of my own, Mr. Lydiard. We have a matter of what may be styled business to settle. We know one another, and you and friends, indeed, and we it can't be called a mere conjecture."

The young woman said Sir Arthur had been ill, but took Little, and that she knew her confidence, and was glad to let her the necessary information, and received a hearty smile. Indeed he told the old gentleman thoughts with some hesitation, as if of the photograph.

Sir Arthur laughed.

"When Apollo condescended to paint portraits," he said, "I grew

ashamed of him; but it would seem that now he is going to establish a sort of Matrimonial Agency. Our old friends on Olympus are losing their aristocratic habits. Never mind; we must take things as they come; and perhaps, after all, there is something poetic in a young fellow's falling in love with a sun-picture. Better than falling in love with your own reflection, as some of you do in these days."

The old gentleman was in a period hunting, and talked much pleasant nonsense; but Lamachot told him quite a man of the world in practical matters; and they soon entirely agreed as to what was the best thing to be done at this ominous conjuncture.

"It is a chapter of comedy," said Sir Arthur. "Two little girls—*so to speak*—of the fashion of Flinckspun—twin-sisters twins; a lover who does not quite know which of them he loves; and a centenarian guardian who turns up to look after them, in defiance of '*Notes and Queries*.' Now, Mr. Lydiard, what shall we do? Have you anything to propose?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, I have. Let us get away from this as soon as possible, and take the girls to my Ottermoor cottage. I used to study them, to find out in what they are alike, and in what they differ. You will come with us?"

"Shall I come the way?"

"Certainly not. I want you to help in the introduction. You know one of the girls—which is nearly equivalent to knowing both,—and, as you also know me, you will be of immense service. Besides, I belong to the past—to a past that is deservedly forgotten; these girls are young blossoms of the immediate present. You, being also young, can make them understand that—strange as



Drawn by F. W. Lawson.]

TWO PLUNGES FOR A PEARL.

On the Meadow Path.

[See Page 110.

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is the difference between us—I am actually a human being, and their remote ancestor. If they want a great deal of coaching, read them the first chapter of Genesis, and make them understand that I am intermediate between them and Adam. You know what I mean. You will come, I am sure. Imagine me left in that cottage with a brace of little girls, so alike that I should never know one from the other!"

"Yes; I will come," said Launcelot to Sir Arthur. But to himself he said: "Imagine me two hundred miles away from both Rosalind and Ianthe, before I have discovered which is the lady I love!"

"Very well," said Sir Arthur; "we'll start as soon as possible. Now I must go and talk to the other child, who is anxious to see me, I am sure. I ought to have taken care of those little girls long ago, Mr. Lydiard; but I had become morose and disgusted, and I was driven by mere accident into doing my duty."

Thus saying, the venerable baronet went up to the girls' apartment, leaving Launcelot to wonder what trick the Fates would play him next. Not that he quarrelled with destiny; he saw that there was a safer concurrence of events in his favour. Still, nobody cares to be entirely the plaything of fortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SISTERS.

"You naughty girl!" exclaimed Ianthe.

The sisters were comfortably installed in their room at the Silent Woman—a quaint front first-floor, bow-windowed room,—with a table hospitably spread in worthy Mrs. Price's best style. It

was a curious meeting, was it not?

"You naughty girl!" was Miss Ianthe's ejaculation.

"How cruel you are!" said Rosalind, in reply. "I did what I thought best, and you did the same; and I don't see why we should quarrel about it now. We have both been unhappy, I suppose."

"Well," returned Ianthe, "I don't know about that. I was only unhappy because you had been so silly. The idea of our father's daughter sweeping rooms and washing dishes! It made me always ashamed. Why could not you have remained with me?"

Rosalind was naturally a meek and quiet little girl; but this was too much for her.

"I would rather wash plates and sweep rooms, than exhibit myself to the sort of people who go to theatres," she retorted. "I should hate myself if I could do such a thing!—yes, I should, Ianthe!"

I don't think she meant half she said; but when women begin to quarrel there is no knowing what they will say. Here were twin-sisters, who ought, one would imagine, to have been as like each other as a couple of peaches on the same stem; yet each thought the other had committed an unpardonable sin. Ianthe shuddered when she thought of Rosalind making a bed or carrying a coal-scuttle: Rosalind shuddered when she thought of Ianthe on the stage, going through erotic conversations, or attired in the theatric garb of a fairy prince. They were entirely at issue, these two little fools (to use Miss Harriet Byron's favourite word for herself), and I cannot pretend to say which was the more foolish.

Certes, it is curious to open a volume of Sir Charles Grandison, and learn therefrom how the art

of love was treated a century ago. The writer of to-day who to me seems nearest to Richardson is the author of 'The Earthly Paradise.' Each tells a common-place story with complacent prolixity. I often wonder what would happen to that most perfect of baronets, Sir Charles Grandison, if he could reappear in this year of grace 1871. What could modern society do with this 'faultily faultless' young gentleman? Where is there room for him? Who would listen to his endless discourses? I am afraid that in this degenerate age there is no career for the immaculate and intolerable Sir Charles. What he would do at the Derby I can't imagine; and I am afraid the 'girl of the period' would drive him into a state of chronic lunacy. I don't think that even the House of Commons would listen to so surpassing a bore. And yet I like Sir Charles Grandison, I can't help it; I think he was the nicest of young gentlemen. If there is one thing more than another that would yield me satisfaction, it would be to see Sir Charles in company with Sam Weller for half an hour.

Among the literary works of high order which will be more popular a century or two hence than now are the 'Imaginary Conversations' of Walter Landor, who was a prose Shakespeare. I should like to see a man of equal genius take in hand imaginary characters, bringing together people that ought to have existed and ought to have known each other. I have mentioned Sam Weller; fancy him in company with Sancho Panza. How would Hamlet and Quixote get on together? Would Caliban understand Quip? Would Shakespeare's Ariel, creature of the element, make sudden love to Browning's Pippa, drudge of the

silk-mills? Can't you fancy my uncle Toby appreciative of Mr. Pickwick? Each had his widow, you know . . . but they wore their rues with a difference. I don't know whether Ulysses and Mr. Micawber might not entertain friendly relations. Epimenides of Crete and Rip Van Winkle are natural allies. Sir John Falstaff would be on his best behaviour if asked to stay with his brother knight Sir Roger de Coverley: good friends both, and not to be forgotten. Maginn's tetraastich—

'For those who read aright are well aware
That Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between,
Oft in his heart felt less the load of care
Than Jacques, sighing in the forest green.'

Jacques, by the way, would be a good man to have on the School Board of the period.

I am not digressing for the mere love of it—though digression is delicious. But you see there were two young ladies—twin sisters—shut up in their room together; and they wanted to quarrel; and when little girls quarrel, one can't put all they say and do upon paper; and so I thought I would let them have their quarrel out in quiet, and talk a little nonsense till they were in a better temper. Everybody knows what will be the end of it, of course. The two foolish children will fall into each other's arms, and weep hysterically, and kiss one another, and make it up enthusiastically. Any young lady who condescends to read these pages understands the process far better than I.

The storm is over, then. The two babies have had their quarrel. They are sitting side by side on the hardest of horsehair sofas (the great British upholsterer is unrivalled at producing instru-

ments of chronic torture), and are crying over their cruelty to each other. Tears are an excellent thing. One gets the eyeballs clogged with dust every day: get the lachrymal gland to act—either with onions, or sentimental stories, or sorrow—and the eyes are clear. I can't apply my own recipe; for I hate onions, and sentimental stories make me laugh, and I cannot grieve. There is nothing in this world to grieve for, save the folly of man—and that is a thing to be cured. Death ought to cause only a momentary pang. Form is the embodiment of soul; and soul is imperishable. When Charles Dickens passed to the next world, William Shakespeare met him on the threshold, and asked him for news of England. The great Apostle of the Nations teaches this noble philosophy. Whoso has seen wheat grow, or roses bloom, can surely understand the shaping power of the spirit of man.

But I must return to these foolish little girls. When they had ended their quarrel, they began to grow confidential. There was Sir Arthur Murray to talk about. There were Ianthe's love-adventures. There were Rosalind's perils. The gossip went on for a long time; might have gone on to this day if Sir Arthur had not interrupted it.

'I am glad I have found you, Rosie,' said Ianthe. 'Yes, I am glad. And that I should have met our great-grandpapa when I was looking for you! It is very strange. Well, I hope our wanderings are over now.'

'Do you think Sir Arthur will take care of us?' asked poor little Rosalind. 'I want somebody to take care of me. I am very tired of doing work and earning wages.'

Ianthe laughed kindly.

'Foolish child!' she said; 'I

don't believe you have earned anything. And I don't believe you will ever want to earn anything again. Great-grandpapa—isn't it a long word?—will take care of us.'

'Are you sure?' asked Rosalind.

At which moment a *camériste* entered to announce Sir Arthur Murray; and that old gentleman entered. And when he saw his two little great-granddaughters together he experienced a sensation of delight by me inexpressible. For the old gentleman had decided to make these two little girls happy before he left the world; and he felt certain that for this purpose alone God had kept him alive so many years beyond the ordinary life of man; and he joyously accepted his destiny. There was young blood in old Sir Arthur Murray's veins.

'Well, my darlings,' he said, 'have you finished talking to each other? If so, I have something to say to you. But really this is trying. Which is Ianthe and which is Rosalind?'

'I am Ianthe, papa,' said that young lady. 'You will know us by our dresses. Besides, Rosie is a much better-behaved little girl than I am.'

'O Ianthe!' said Rosalind.

'You are very good girls, as girls go,' said Sir Arthur. 'I think your grandmothers were better. It's a long time since I had anything to do with girls—fifty years at least; so don't give me more trouble than you can help, that's good children. And now tell me what am I to do with this Mr. Launcelot Lydiard?'

Rosalind looked at Ianthe.

Ianthe looked at Rosalind.

Neither spoke.

'I am not learned in matters of this kind,' continued the old baronet, archly, 'but I can see

that Mr. Lydiard has some reason of his own for being interested in you two children. I have met him before, and I like him; and as I am going to take you both home with me, I thought there could be no harm in asking him to come also. It might be agreeable to have him with us if we grew tired of each other. What do you think, young ladies?

'I daresay we shall find him endurable,' said Ianthe, saucily. 'But, papa, you talk of carrying us home. I don't know what Rosio's engagements may be; but I'm a celebrated actress, you know, and must go back at once to the Riverdale Theatre. Poor Mr. Moutmorency will be in a dreadful state if I don't.'

'Poor Mr. Moutmorency must make the best he can of a bad bargain,' said Sir Arthur. 'I have thought of all that, and have done what is necessary. Everything will go quite straight, depend on it, Ianthe. The great point now is for us all to make each other's acquaintance pleasantly; will Mr. Lydiard interfere with that process?'

Sir Arthur paused for a reply, but got none. Both girls resembled the sign of Mrs. Price's hostility. Not one word said either. The old gentleman was amused.

'Silence gives consent,' he said. 'Mr. Lydiard is to come with us, evidently.'

So it was finally arranged. Leaving no traces behind them, for Sir Arthur did not wish to be troubled with impertinent questionings from persons with whom either Ianthe or Rosalind might previously have become acquainted, they took the shortest route to that quaint cottage on the verge of the Ottermoor. There Launcelet Lydiard stayed during the divine spring weather. It was a

small cottage, we know; but there was a spare room in which the two sisters were laid up in lavender, and there was a most quaint, old-fangled garret in the roof, nowhere quite seven feet high, and here and there three feet, but occupying the whole length and breadth of the house, wherein Launcelet was established, and where he felt very much like a pigeon. It suited him excellently well. From the odd old casements there was a view on one side of the wild River Otter, on the other, of a mighty stretch of the most glorious moorland in the world. So, in the many hours that he naturally spent alone—for he was just in the age and condition when to sleep above four hours out of the twenty-four is impossible—he had something pleasant to look upon. Certes, he enjoyed that time.

Thus went the days. Breakfast usually about nine—hours before that Launcelet had dipped in the brown stream, and provided himself with a healthy appetite. Then came down Rosalind and Ianthe—Rosie first, usually, for Ianthe's late histrionic hours had made her love *sommeils du matin*. But Rosalind, you know, had been a servant-maid; had heard the mistress's angry bell vibrating fiercely between five and six; had turned out on comfortless winter mornings to wash in iced-water, and to light fires with green wood. Iced-water is very well on your July dinner-table, but I would rather not wash in it in January. The 'merry green-wood' delights the poet; but it is not nice as supplying materials for lighting fires. By-the-way, it is a pity the olive won't grow in England, as it furnishes the perfection of fire-wood.

A nos moutons. Sir Arthur usually spent his mornings in

walking. They made a pleasant party; and, as they did not always pair in precisely the same manner, Launcelot had capital opportunities of studying the two sisters. Their difference of character surprised him rather; being a young man, he was not likely to understand how much more mind than matter has to do with such things. When they came down to breakfast, these two beautiful girls, our poor friend could hardly tell one from the other; when they spoke, each in a tone that lay half way between mezzo-soprano and contralto, he could not distinguish their voices; but when he listened to their conversation, there was a wonderful charm in each, and yet each was utterly unlike.

'Yes,' said Launcelot to himself one day, in a position of absolute isolation—for he had got on a particularly sharp rock right in the middle of the River Otter's deepest rapids, and it would have been impossible to reach him, unless you could swim or fly—

'Yes; they are both delightful girls, and they are twin sisters, and I never in my life met two girls so utterly unlike.

'There is Ianthe. Yes; I knew Ianthe first, and I think her delicious. But, with all her daring, she is so terribly sensible. I have never seen so contradictory a mixture of the adventurous and the common-place. She would have made a great actress in time—and she would never have tolerated a mistake in her washing-list.

'What shall I say of Rosalind? She went off and turned maid-servant—had to sweep rooms, and be submissive to cads. Yet has she more pride than her sister. But less common-sense. When I see those two children together I try to realize one as actress, and the other as parlour-maid. Sometimes they seemed to have

exchanged characters. It was likeness in unlikeness—which is the more charming, I wonder? Which is my lady of the photograph?

Thus was he wont to soliloquize. There was certainly a curious likeness in unlikeness between Ianthe and Rosalind. In the most trivial matters this became evident. Both girls had the courage of girlhood—a mad fluttering courage, that collapses at the first harsh attack upon it. But there was divergence: Ianthe showed her daring in publicity; Rosalind, in privacy. So again with their conduct in the great affair of love.

'Which ought I to love?' said Launcelot Lydiard to himself. 'Which is the child that was caught at the window? Or, if I cannot find that out, which is the more lovable, the better worthy to be loved? It is hard to decide. Ianthe chose the blaze of the footlights—that is not nice. Rosalind chose to be a spider-brusher; that also is unpleasant. Perhaps I had better try to forget them both; but the worst of it is, that with all their oddities, I think they are the sweetest girls in England. I wish I knew which I ought to love. I wish I knew whether either of them would love me.'

Thus was Launcelot Lydiard wont to meditate perplexed by the dissimilar similarity of the two sisters. Launcelot, you see, was not a decided man; had never learnt the glorious art of making up his mind. It is better, in a world like ours, to be decided in the wrong than to be undecided in the right. The apologue of the ass between two bundles of hay would apply on this occasion.

Not that the two bundles were precisely alike, or that Launcelot

Lydiard was sure of putting his asinine teeth into either bundle. In fact, the more he lived with these girls the more they puzzled him. One odd thing was, that they suddenly appeared to change characters. It was difficult to tell Rosalind from Ianthe under ordinary circumstances; but when the two girls played at cross-purposes it became more difficult than ever. Rosalind sometimes walked over the Ottermoor in that merry mood and with that gaiety of spirit which belonged to her namesake in the Forest of Arden.

I confess I think it confoundedly hard upon a man to have to deal with two young women so closely alike physically, yet so curiously unlike in some of their mental arrangements. Twin-sisterhood and its results are an interesting subject of study for both psychologist and physiologist; but when a man is young and amorous, he studies them at singular disadvantage. I am afraid my friend Launcelet, misused his opportunities, and was incapable of contributing anything fresh to the 'ologies' named above.

One day, on some slight matter of business, he went into Ottermouth. He hated going. Ottermouth, somehow or other, had left an unpleasant reminiscence behind it. He had to call at a bank and at one or two shops, and was the while in mortal terror lest he might meet any one he knew. He took to back streets and queer alleys, as if he were avoiding creditors or policemen. He made a tremendous circuit in order to evade Osierby's. He carefully kept out of the region in which the joyous editor of the 'Ottermouth Mail' would be likely to disport himself. He actually would not refresh himself at his favourite haunt of old, the Royal Hotel, because it was next door

to the theatre, and he might, perchance, encounter Jack Oldgo. Had Launcelet been asked to assign reasons for these vagaries, he would have been extremely puzzled; but I fancy the fact was that an atmosphere of romance had surrounded his recent intercourse with Ianthe and Rosalind, and that he consequently detested the notion of recalling days when he had looked on the former as merely an actress—nothing else. Jack Oldgo's facile jokes or Fanny Osierby's slightly vulgar welcome would have dragged back from the haunted realms of romance to the region of commonplace reality. This he desired to avoid. He walked about Ottermouth in a careful fashion, keeping in by-ways, and altering his route if in the distance he saw any one that looked like an old acquaintance. Luckily for him, the town was dull. Everybody he knew seemed to be away. He got through his business excellently; then, however, he felt hungry and athirst, and looked for a place of refreshment. He had avoided the Royal, as I have said: though I believe he might have gone there without meeting either manager or journalist. There were devilled kidneys or oysters to be had on the instant at Osierby's, and the best of stout or of Chablis to accompany them! Launcelet knew it well, but would not go. No; he could not endure the thought of ancient reminiscences that might interfere with his present vague day-dream. So he wandered into an unaccustomed part of the town, near to the railway station, as it happened; and when he got within hearing of the hideous shriek of the trains, he beheld a building in the fashionable style of architecture adopted of late by hotel-builders and dukes. It was a

-dozen stories high at least, with high-pitched roofs and a generally romantic appearance; but there was a fine fragrance of mock-turtle soup about it, which told our friend Lydiard what it was. It was the new County Hotel.

Launcelot at once turned his steps thither. Who shall say he is not a perfect hero of romance, *preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche!* I don't think there could be better Whitstable than Mother Osierby's, and she had a perfect genius for a kidney, and her snipes were birds of paradise. Also, she gave you the soundest of ale and wine. But my friend Lydiard knew beforehand, by the very look of that grand hotel, that there would be nothing fit to eat or drink within its walls; he knew that he should have to pay a ridiculous price for a tough mutton-chop and a pint of fiery sherry, detested by the whole Pantheon. Knowing this, his sentiment towards Ianthe Murray was so delicate that he determined to poison himself at the cost of five or six shillings.

Had he been in love it would have been a different matter. A man in love is beyond the reach of trivial annoyances. He can eat tough mutton, and drink bad sherry with impunity. But this, you see, was not Launcelot's case. He wasn't in love—he only wanted to be. Further, he did not even know with whom he wanted to be in love. So I think he de-

serves kudos for so quietly sacrificing comfort to poetry.

He entered the vast coffee-room of the County Hotel. There was nobody there, except a waiter in a greasy dress-coat and a dirty necktie. I wish, by-the-way, they could hit on some better way of dressing waiters—or that we might have waitresses, light of foot and hand, in clean print dresses. An ordinary hotel waiter is enough to take away the fiercest appetite. But in such matters there is no civilization attainable; we shall have the greasy waiter in a mockery of evening costume for heaven knows how long, though there are plenty of nice girls available for education as waitresses; and we shall have brandied sherry at five shillings a bottle, and shilling claret sent up as Château Margaux at half a guinea, so long as John Bull (most patient of idiots) will stand such evil treatment.

Launcelot Lydiard ordered his refreshment, and sat down to something nasty. He was reflecting on the magnificent gilding of the cornices and the horrible toughness of his mutton-chop, when a step, unlike the waiter's hoof-tread—a step, indeed, that seemed familiar (and there is music in the tread of a man of the highest order)—caused him to look up. He was slightly surprised.

He saw Lord Chessington.



SUMMER LEAVES.

UPON her pretty head the light streams down,
 Through beech-boughs covered with a foliage brown,
 Mellowed by August—and a pattern weaves
 As fanciful and whimsical and fair,
 As if some poet-faculty there were

In Summer leaves.

Changeful those shadows as the changeful train
 Of light caprices in her wayward brain
 Which the delicious dream of youth deceives;
 For youth is overflushed with fever of life,
 And there is perilous fascination rife

*Neath Summer leaves.

And while the arrow-weed in the current drags,
 The moorhen fishes 'mid the crowded flags,
 The great white water-lily dips and heaves
 As the slow swans pass indolently by—
 This studious maiden does not lift her eye

To the Summer leaves.

Is she where Arden's forest-alleys wind,
 Where page-accoutred, witty Rosalind
 Through endless generations laughs and grieves?
 Is it our master, Shakespeare, who doth shower
 Upon her thoughtful head this happy hour,
 His Summer leaves?

Is it some troubadour of modern time
 Who loves beneath æstival trees to rhyme,
 And with gay song his lack of fame retrieves?
 Fain would I fancy that the maiden sweet
 Turns page by page, in her serene retreat,
 My Summer leaves.



[See Page 100.]

AN INDIAN WOMAN
IN A FIELD OF REEDS.

SUMMER LEAVES.

UPON her pretty head the light streams down,
 Through beech-boughs covered with a foliage brown,
 Mellowed by August—and a pattern weaves
 As fanciful and whimsical and fair,
 As if some poet-faculty there were
 In Summer leaves.

Changeful those shadows as the changeful train
 Of light caprice in her wayward brain
 Which the delicious dream of youth deceives;
 For youth is overflushed with fever of life,
 And there is perilous fascination in
 'Neath Summer leaves.

And while the sunward in the current drags,
 The moonlit vines bind the creviced boughs,
 The great white water-lily dips and heaves
 As the glow seems pass suddenly by—
 Till crooning maidsong fails not lift her eye
 To the Summer leaves.

Is she where Arden's forest-alleys wind,
 Where page-aemultried, witty Rosalind
 Through endless generations laughs and grieves?
 Is it our master, Shakespeare, who doth shower
 Upon her thoughtful head this happy hour,
 His Summer leaves?

Is it some troubadour of modern time
 Who loves beneath festival trees to rhyme,
 And with gay song his lack of finer remedies?
 How would I know that the maiden sweet
 Whom I see in pale, in her serious intent,
 My Summer leaves.

[See Page 120.]

SUMMER LEAVES.





RECOLLECTIONS BY J. R. PLANCHE.

CHAPTER V.

THE season of 1829-30 brought the managerial career of Mr. Stephen Price at Drury Lane to a disastrous conclusion—an event as much to be deplored for the sake of the public as for his own; for he had catered well and successfully for them, and conducted the theatre with considerable tact and great respectability, and had actually made a little money the second season. But the rent was certain to ruin any lessee in the long run; and the infatuated proprietors continued cutting up the goose that laid them golden eggs till they could find no goose green enough to submit to the operation. Mr. Price was not a highly educated man, nor the possessor of a very refined taste; but he was a straight-forward, sensible man of business, thoroughly understood the practical working of a theatre, having been many years the manager of one of the principal theatres in New York. He had no favourites but such as experience proved to him were favourites of the public; no prejudices to warp his judgment, and was perfectly free from that common and fatal weakness of managers—the encouragement of talebearers and mischief-makers. He had his likings and his dislikings, as other men; but he never suffered them to bias him in matters of business, never allowed private feeling to influence his conduct to a performer, or affect the interest of the public. At the same time he ruled with a strong hand, and could neither be coaxed nor coerced into taking any step which his natural shrewdness warned him might be hazardous. An eminent tragedian once suggested to him the omission of

Locke's music in the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' as it was an interpolation, the words sung to it being taken from Middleton's 'Witch.' Price listened attentively to his arguments, and after a few minutes of apparent consideration, said, 'Well, look here, sir, I don't think it would do to omit the music; but, if you think it would be an improvement, I've no objection to leave out the Macbeth.'

A Beef-steak Club had been established at Drury Lane, in 1826, in imitation of the original at the English Opera House. The meetings took place in the painting-room of the theatre, a portion of which was partitioned off by scenery. The lessee for the time being was the president, and the treasurer of the theatre ('Billy Dunn,' as he was familiarly called—a great character) acted in the same capacity, as well as secretary, for the club, having the assistance of a deputy in the collection of the subscriptions, fines, &c., who was an actor of the name of Hughes. I was not a member of the club, but occasionally dined with it as a guest. There was much good fun, as may be imagined, at these dinners, and not a little practical joking. A rather strong example of the latter may be worth recording. By one of the rules of the club the fine of half-a-crown was imposed upon all members using certain expressions or doing certain things most natural and inoffensive, and which, from general and constant custom, it was almost impossible to avoid. One evening the company appeared strangely oblivious or pertinaciously defiant of their regulation. Everybody was fined over and over again, and little Jack Hughes was

kept constantly on his legs during the dinner, rushing from one end of the table to another to collect the half-crowns of the unwary or wilful offenders. Shortly after the cloth was drawn, the messenger of the theatre was sent up by the stage-doorkeeper to tell Mr. Hughes a gentleman wished to speak with him directly on important business. Hughes followed the messenger down to the hall, and was ushered into the little room on the right of the entrance, used sometimes as a manager's room, and therein found L——, a Bow Street officer, who was perfectly well-known to him. On inquiring the object of his visit, the officer gravely replied that he was extremely sorry to say, having known and respected Mr. Hughes for several years, that an information had been laid against him for the uttering of base coin, and that a warrant had been issued against him, which it was his painful duty to be the bearer of. Poor little Hughes, conscious of his innocence, was nevertheless horrorstruck at the intelligence, and, while indignantly repudiating the charge, implored the officer not to take him into custody, pledging his honour that he would attend at Bow Street the next morning, and meet any accusation that could be brought against him. The officer said it would be at his own peril if he acceded to such a proposition; but having known Mr. Hughes so long, and feeling confident there must be some mistake, he would run the risk, provided Mr. Hughes would not object to his searching him on the spot. Hughes assented eagerly, little thinking what would follow. In a few minutes the officer was in possession of between two and three dozen of bad half-crowns, which Jack had unsuspectingly stuffed into his pockets as fast as he could take them, with-

out examination. In vain did he offer the easy explanation, and request the officer to go up-stairs with him, or to send for Dunn to corroborate his statement. Under such suspicious circumstances, he was told, he must be locked up for the night, and send for the witnesses in the morning. At this point, however, it was considered that the joke had been carried far enough; and Dunn, the chief conspirator, who had been on the watch, made his appearance and relieved his half-distracted deputy from apprehension of any description. He was a good-natured little fellow, and generously forgave the perpetrators the trick they had played him, which was rather beyond a joke, and even extended his clemency to the Bow Street officer, whose conduct in lending himself to the imposition was highly reprehensible, and, if reported, would have been severely visited. He was a dry fellow, that Billy Dunn, a great character, as I have already observed. During the many years he was treasurer of Drury Lane I don't suppose he once witnessed a performance; but regularly after the curtain had fallen on a new piece, it mattered not of what description, he would let himself through with his passkey from the front of the house, as if he had sat it out, and on being asked his opinion, invariably answer, after a long pause and a proportionate pinch of snuff, 'Wants cutting.' Nine times out of ten he was right, and if wrong it would have been difficult to prove that he was so, as he never entered into any discussion of the subject. The trouble of extracting a direct reply from him, at any time or concerning anything, was remarkable. I called one morning at the theatre, on my way to the city, to ask him a question about writing orders on some particular

night. I was told he was in the treasury, and accordingly ran up to it. He was alone at his desk, counting cheques. ‘Would there be any objection, Dunn, to my sending a friend or two to the boxes on such a night?’ He looked at me, but made no answer, and continued to count his cheques. I waited patiently till he had finished and replaced them in the bags. Still no answer. He turned to his books. I waited perhaps five more minutes, and then, without repeating my inquiry, or speaking another word, walked quietly out of the room and went about my other business. Returning between two and three in the afternoon, I ascertained from the hall-keeper that Mr. Dunn was still in the theatre. I mounted the stairs again, entered the treasury, and found him, as before, alone. I stood perfectly silent while he looked at me and took the customary pinch of snuff, after which he drawled out, ‘No, I should think not.’ Some four hours having elapsed since I asked him the question.

On the 24th of December, 1829. I was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and was received with the usual formalities at the next meeting, 14th January, 1830. This led to my making the acquaintance of many distinguished persons—Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, Gage Rookwood, the Sussex antiquary, Hudson Gurney, Crabbe Robinson, &c. At the same time I belonged to a newly-formed club, in Waterloo Place, called the ‘Literary Union,’ of which Campbell the poet was the founder and president, and Mr. Cyrus Redding, I think, the secretary. John Jesse, Dr. Maginn, Samuel Carter Hall, Harrison Ainsworth, and the majority of the working authors of that day had entered it; but some

irregularities, which led to dissensions and brought it into bad odour, occasioned it to be dissolved and reconstructed as ‘The Clarence.’ Campbell was re-elected president, and many of the old members adhered to it; but another and more attractive one was projected, principally by Mr. Francis Mills and Mr. Henry Broadwood, with the avowed object of supporting the drama, and bringing authors and actors into more social communication with the noblest and most influential of its patrons as well as with each other. The scheme was warmly taken up, a committee formed, a house in King Street, Covent Garden, known as ‘Probert’s Hotel,’ was secured by them in November, 1831, and the name selected for the new club was ‘The Garrick.’

On the 15th of February following, the opening was inaugurated by a dinner, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who had signified his pleasure to be patron of the club, taking the chair, supported by the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby (president), the Marquis of Clunricarde, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Chesterfield, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and many other noblemen, whilst the general company included the majority of the principal dramatists and actors then living. It was a vastly pleasant club, receiving constant additions of the most desirable members. Since the days of ‘Will’s’ and ‘Button’s’ I question if such an assemblage as could be daily met with there, between four and six in the afternoon, had ever been seen in a coffee-room. James Smith, Poole, and Charles Mathews the elder, were original members. The Rev. Mr. Barham (Tom Ingoldsby), Theodore Hook, Thackeray, Charles Dickens, and a host of memorable names were

gradually added to the list; and the club being formed upon the principle that membership was a sufficient introduction, the social intercourse between men of all ranks was an attractive feature in 'The Garrick,' distinguishing it agreeably from the generality of such establishments, wherein, as a friend of mine observed of one of the most celebrated, 'it was as much as your life was worth to ask a stranger to poke the fire.' Amongst the earlier members was a very amiable and accomplished gentleman, who, perfectly sane upon all other topics, had what the Scotch call 'a bee in his bonnet' on the subject of the 'Millennium.' If this were touched upon he would start up from his chair, pace the room agitatedly, and declaim in the most vehement manner on the approach of that momentous epoch. One day, when he was more than ordinarily excited, he assured us that the world would be at an end within three years from that date. Hook looked up from his newspaper, and said, 'Come, L——, if you are inclined to back your opinion, give me five pounds now, and I will undertake to pay you fifty if it occurs.' L—— was not quite mad enough to close with the whimsical offer.

I had often met Hook in society without being introduced to him; but our acquaintance and intimacy dated simultaneously from the evening of a dinner at Horace Twiss's in Park Place, St. James's, the precise period of which has escaped me, but not the circumstances connected with it. It was a very merry party. Mr. John Murray (the great Murray of Albemarle Street), James Smith, and two or three others, remained till very late in the dining-room, singing and giving imitations. Hook being pressed to sing another of his wonderful extemporary songs,

consented, with a declaration that the subject should be John Murray. Murray objected vehemently, and a ludicrous contention took place, during which Hook dodged him round the table, placing chairs in his path, which was sufficiently devious without them, and singing all the while a sort of recitative, of which I remember only the commencement:

'My friend, John Murray, I see has arrived at the head of the table,
And the wonder is, at this time of
night, that John Murray should
be able.
He's an excellent hand at a dinner, and
not a bad one at a lunch;
But the devil of John Murray is that
he never will pass the punch.'

It was daybreak—broad daylight, in fact, before we separated. I had given an imitation of Edmund Kean and Holland, in Mathurin's tragedy of 'Bertram,' which had amused Hook; and, as we were getting our hats, he asked me where I lived. On my answering, 'At Brompton,' he said, 'Brompton!—why that's in my way home—I live at Fulham. Jump into my cabriolet, and I'll set you down.' The sun of a fine summer morning was rising as we passed Hyde Park Corner. 'I have been very ill,' said Hook, 'for some time, and my doctors told me never to be out of doors after dark, as the night air was the worst thing for me. I have taken their advice. I drive into town at four o'clock every afternoon, dine at "Crockford's," or wherever I may be invited, and never go home till this time in the morning. I have not breathed the night air for the last two months.' From that day to the latest of his life, Hook's attachment to me was so remarkable, that, knowing his irresistible passion for hoaxing and practical jokes of all descriptions, I was at first a little alarmed occasionally at the peculiar and marked atten-

tion he paid to me, accompanied as it was by a respect, which from one of his age and celebrity was as singular as, if sincere, it was flattering. That it was sincere I had many gratifying proofs, some of which I still treasure, in his handwriting. His fame as an *improvisatore* is a matter of social history; but I cannot refrain from giving one instance of his powers which is as creditable to his heart as his head. There had been a large party at the house of some mutual friends of ours and Hook's neighbours at Fulham. It was late, but many still remained, and before separating another song was requested of him. He was weary, and really suffering, but good-naturedly consented on condition that somebody would suggest a subject. No one volunteering, he said, 'Well, I think the most proper subject at this hour would be "Good-night."' And accordingly he sat down to the piano, and sang several verses, each ending with 'Good-night,' composed with his usual facility, but lacking the fun and brilliancy which had characterised his former effusions. Some oddity of expression, however, in the middle of one of his verses, elicited a ringing laugh from a fine handsome boy, son of Captain the Hon. Montague Stopford, who was staying with his parents in the house, and who had planted himself close to the piano. Hook stopped short, looked at him admiringly for an instant, then, completing the verse, added with an intensity of expression I can never forget,

'You laugh! and you are quite right,
For your's is the dawn of the morning,
And God send you a good night!'

The effect was electrical, and brought tears into the eyes of more than one of the company, while cheer upon cheer arose in

recognition of that charming and touching burst of feeling.*

My acquaintance with Thackeray commenced some time before he joined 'The Garrick,' and while I was the guest of his cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, during one of my many visits to Paris. He was at that time a slim young man, rather taciturn, and not displaying any particular love or talent for literature. Drawing appeared to be his favourite amusement; and he often sat by my side while I was reading or writing covering any scrap of paper lying about with the most spirited sketches and amusing caricatures. I have one of Charles IX. firing at the Huguenots out of the windows of the Louvre, which he dashed off in a few minutes beside me on the blank portion of the yellow paper cover of a French drama. A member of 'The Garrick,' who was specially unpopular with the majority of the members, was literally *drawn* out of the club by Thackeray. His figure, being very peculiar, was sketched in pen and ink by his implacable persecutor. On every pad on the writing-tables, or whatever paper he could venture to appropriate, he represented him in the most ridiculous and derogatory situation that could be imagined, always with his back towards you: but unmistakable. His victim, it

* Other versions of this remarkable incident are in print, but I have confidence in the accuracy of my own for one particular reason. Supposing that I had imperfectly heard the words, I could not have mistaken the emphasis in their utterance, and the fervour with which God's blessing was invoked upon that beautiful and joyous boy could not by any possibility have accompanied such words as, 'For me, is the solemn good night,' nor the applause that followed, loud and long, been caused by so melancholy a farewell. I know the tears that filled my eyes were not those of sorrow, but of pleasurable emotion.

must be admitted, bore this desecration of his 'lively effigies' with great equanimity for a considerable period; but at length, one very strong—perhaps too strong—example of the artist's graphic and satirical abilities, combined with the conviction that he was generally objectionable, induced him to retire from the club and leave the pungent pen of Michael Angelo Titmarsh to punish more serious offenders than bores and toadies.

Of my old friend James Smith I have many gratifying recollections; but they are too purely personal for introduction in these pages. I may be allowed, however, to testify, perhaps, to the utter absence of that desire to 'play first fiddle,' which is too often remarkable in celebrities of his description. He was the heartiest laugher at another's joke, and generally prefaced his own by the question of 'Have you heard what a man said when,' &c. On hearing a song of mine which I had written in humble imitation of his style, he good-naturedly and gracefully said

'Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown.'

His brother Horace lived at Brighton, and of him I knew less, but quite enough to admire his talent and respect his character; and I have the pleasure still to include amongst my friends his two surviving and accomplished daughters. Of Barham, Dickens, and other 'bright particular stars' in 'The Garrick' galaxy, I shall speak incidentally hereafter. I will only mention here, a very amusing member of the club in early days, with whom I was on terms of great intimacy as long as he remained in England—Sir Henry Webb, a baronet, and formerly in the Life Guards. He was a man of refined taste, perfect manners, and great good-nature, and possessed

the peculiarly happy art of saying agreeable things, without forfeiting the independence of his judgment or incurring the reproach of insincerity. There was a vein of humour also in his observations, of the most original and whimsical description. He was passionately fond of music, and a great patron of Eliason, who first started the 'Promenade Concerts' in London, which were afterwards made so popular by Jullien. On my asking him how his *protégé* was going on, he replied, 'He is going on so well that he will carry everything before him, or—' after a pause and a pinch of snuff—'he will leave nothing behind him—which is precisely the same thing.' As of course it is; and the musician verified the prediction; for he omitted leaving behind him even the violin (a real Cremona) which he had pledged to Mr. Fred. Gye for money advanced to him.

The successors to Mr. Price at Drury Lane were Captain Polhill, a gentleman possessing more money than brains, and Alexander Lee, the composer, who had certainly some brains but no money. As I am not writing a history of that or any other theatre, I need not enter into a detail of the circumstances which speedily deprived the Captain of his fortune and the composer nearly of his wits; but one of the first blunders they committed resulted in an event of considerable importance to the theatrical world in general and to me in particular. The new management had declined to re-engage Madame Vestris; and there being no opening for her at Covent Garden, she suddenly determined to set up for herself. Passing through Long Acre one day, I met her in her carriage. She stopped it, and informed me she had just taken the Olympic in conjunction with Miss Foote; that they had engaged Mrs. Glover, and several

other performers, and would be glad if I had anything ready for immediate production and would assist them in any way by my advice or interest. I readily consented; and remembering a classical burlesque I had written shortly after the production of 'Amoroſo,' but could never get accepted at any theatre, mentioned the subject to her; and it was agreed that I should immediately make such alterations as time and circumstances had rendered necessary, and that she would open the season with it and in it. Having much work on my hands at the time, I induced Charles Dance, with whom I had already written a farce for the Haymarket, to try his hand at this style of composition; and, in two or three evenings, we brushed up together the oft-rejected burlesque, founded on George Colman the younger's story 'The Sun Poker,' and named by me 'Prometheus and Pandora'; and, under the additional locally-allusive title of 'Olympic Revels,' it was produced on the 3rd of January, 1831 (the opening night), Madame Vestris sustaining the part of Pandora. The extraordinary success of this experiment—for it may justly so be termed—was due not only to the admirable singing and piquante performance of that gifted lady, but also to the charm of novelty imparted to it by the elegance and accuracy of the costume; it having been previously the practice to dress a burlesque in the most *outré* and ridiculous fashion. My suggestion to try the effect of persons picturesquely attired speaking absurd doggerel fortunately took the fancy of the fair lessee; and we agreed to substitute the term of 'extravaganza' for that of 'burlesque,' as more befitting the character of the entertainment. I have adhered to that designation ever since as distinguishing the

playful treatment of a poetical story from the broader travesty of a tragedy or serious opera. It would be superfluous to say more on this subject than simply that 'Olympic Revels' was the first of a series which enjoyed the favour of the public for upwards of thirty years.

In 1832, Laporte became lessee of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden; and the following season Mr. Bunn—'the Napoleon of the drama,' as he was proud of being called, as Elliston, his old employer, had been before him—having succeeded to the throne of Old Drury on the failure of Polhill and Lee, courageously grasped the sceptre resigned in despair by Laporte, and reigned despotically over both those theatrical hemispheres. Much amusement was created in the profession by Laporte's declaration that 'no English theatre would be worth managing till that abominable Saturday was done away with!' What he meant, however, was, not the abolition of pay-day altogether, but, in conformity with the French system, making it monthly instead of weekly, so as to give the manager the chance of a higher average of the receipts, and enable him more conveniently to meet his liabilities.

At this period Mr. Arnold, who had been burnt out of the Lyceum in 1830, rented during the summer months the Adelphi Theatre, and applied to me to undertake the acting management for the season 1833. 'I am too old and too lazy, sir,' he said, at our interview at his house in Golden Square. 'I want a man of fresher mind and new ideas—I send you there in my shoes.' Unfortunately, the shoes proved to be clogs—mais passons la dessus. Mr. Arnold and I had been too long friends for me to feel anything but regret that I was

prevented from serving him as I was most anxious to do.

The only agreeable recollection I retain of this engagement is of a friendship which accidentally arose out of it; and that, alas! is saddened by the thought of its brief endurance and melancholy termination. As a privilege of my office, I had a small private box in the proscenium of the theatre, which I had the pleasure of frequently placing at the disposal of Madame Malibran Garcia, who delighted in the rich humour of John Reeve—certainly, when he was sober or as nearly so as could be expected—one of the finest low comedians on the stage at that, or perhaps any other period. Often when I arrived at the theatre, I was told, ‘Madame Malibran is in your box, sir;’ for almost every evening she was disengaged she would run down on the chance of finding a place in it. Our mere bowing acquaintance rapidly ripened into intimacy; and some of the most enjoyable evenings of my life were passed in the society of that brilliant and fascinating woman. One, in particular, can never be forgotten. I had dined with Bunn at Eagle Lodge, Brompton, the only other guests being Malibran, De Beriot, and Thalberg. After dinner, the latter sat down to the piano and extemporised several charming melodies, to which Malibran sang—not words, of course, but notes—while De Beriot played an accompaniment on the violin. Subsequently to these enchanting ‘*Lieder ohne Worte*,’ De Beriot gave us an amusing description of the performance he had once witnessed of a woman who had danced on the tight-rope to her own playing of the French-horn. Fastening a bunch of keys to the strings of his violin, he chalked a line on the carpet and went through all the evolutions of

a rope-dancer, imitating the French-horn on his own instrument to perfection. One ‘*tour de force*,’ suggested another—the night rapidly and unheededly passed, and a lovely summer morning saw us seated eating mulberries in the garden, under a fine old tree that was the pride of it.

At Madame Malibran’s request, I translated an operetta for her, the music by Chelard, which was performed at Drury Lane, June 4th, 1833, under the title of ‘The Students of Jena,’ and when she was discontented with the effusions of ‘the Poet Bunn,’ as ‘Punch’ delighted to call him, she would send me her music, superscribed, ‘Betterer words here.’ Her early death was a fatal loss to English opera: her genius imparting a vitality to the most mediocre compositions; and upon our stage it is improbable that we shall ever see her like again.

On 25th of March in this year I had witnessed at Covent Garden the closing scene of another great genius. I was present at the last performance of Edmund Kean. He acted Othello to his son Charles’s Iago. In the third act, having delivered the fine speech terminating with, ‘Farewell, Othello’s occupation’s gone!’ with undiminished expression, and seized, with his usual tiger-like spring, Iago by the throat, he had scarcely uttered the words, ‘Villain! be sure—’ when his voice died away in inarticulate murmurs, his head sank on his son’s breast, and the curtain fell never again to rise upon that marvellous tragedian. He expired at Richmond, on the 15th of May following.

During the season 1834–35 I continued to write alternately for Drury Lane and Covent Garden, both theatres being still under the management of Mr. Bunn, and on the 16th of November in the latter

year produced at Drury Lane 'The Jewess,' a three-act drama in blank verse, founded on Scribe's opera of 'La Juive,' and got up with nearly as much splendour as the original, which I had witnessed at the Académie Royal de Musique, in Paris. Its success was great, and in conjunction with Balfe's opera 'The Siege of Rochelle,' crammed the house till Christmas, the receipts averaging over 2,200*l.* per week. But, contradictory as it may appear, prosperity was always injurious to Bunn. As if such fair weather was to endure for ever, he went out of town, and made no preparation for a rainy day. Consequently, when the houses dropped as usual after the Christmas holidays, nothing was ready, and I was sent to Paris in hot haste to witness the production of Meyerbeer's opera 'Les Huguenots,' and make arrangements with the composer for its representation in London. I was present at the last general rehearsal, and of course at the first performance, poor Nourrit, who destroyed himself, sustaining the part of Raoul, Levasseur (a basso *molto profundo*), that of Marcel, Mdlle. Dorus Gras the Queen, and the beautiful Madlle. Falcon, Valentine. It was a great triumph for all concerned; but there was considerable religious excitement in England at that moment, and I doubted the effect of such a subject on a general audience in an English theatre, even had there been a chance of its passing through the office of the lord chamberlain. My friend and neighbour George Colman, was at that time Examiner of Plays, and that celebrated wit and dramatist had, from long experience, acquired too keen a sense of latent danger in ordinary cases not to have been startled by a proposal to exhibit at such a moment the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He had had some qualms of con-

science respecting the opera of 'Gustavus III.,' which I had adapted for Covent Garden Theatre in 1833. The assassination of a monarch was an incident none the less objectionable because it was an historical fact while the attempt of Fieschi on the life of King Louis Philippe was an atrocity of recent occurrence; and we had some correspondence on the subject, in which I remember the incorrigible joker contended that 'whether a ball was shot at a king or a king was shot at a ball,' made little difference in the mischievous effect it might have on an excited spectator. It was not, however, for me to decide upon the propriety of producing 'Les Huguenots'; my mission was only to negotiate. I had, therefore, several interviews with M. Meyerbeer, who paid me the great compliment of saying, 'If you will undertake to translate the libretto, and make such alterations in the catastrophe as may be necessary in your opinion to ensure its safety in London, I will recompose the last act for the English stage, direct the rehearsals, and conduct the opera for the first three nights. You wrote "Oberon" for Weber, and successfully adapted "Gustavus" for England. I will therefore do this for you and for nobody else.' Highly flattering as was such a declaration from such a man, it did not influence my opinion that no alterations in the libretto which respect for its celebrated author, M. Scribe, would permit me to make, could possibly render the subject eligible for performance in English under the existing circumstances, setting aside the important fact that no English operatic company could have been got together at that period equal to do justice to so magnificent a work. Mr. Bunn viewing the matter in the same light, the project was abandoned.

At Christmas this year, 1836, 'Riquet with the Tuft,' the first of the fairy extravaganzas, was performed at the Olympic Theatre, being an adaptation from the French *feerie* Folie 'Riquet à la Houppé,' which I had seen Potier in some years before in Paris, and the only one of the long series for which I have been indebted to the French stage. My young friend, Charles James Mathews, who had made his debut the previous season, and jumped at once into the favour of the public, was 'Riquet,' and Madame Vestris Princess Emeralda. Both were exceedingly doubtful of the result of what they considered a new experiment, for hitherto the subject of the Christmas pieces for six years had been invariably classical. A few days before its production Charles Dance (who was still my *collaborateur*) and I were summoned to a solemn conference with Madame and Mathews, in the front parlour of the private house attached to the theatre in Craven Buildings, and it was seriously debated whether or not it would be better, even at that eleventh hour, to revive one of the classical favourites than risk the ruin of the whole season by the failure of this untried species of entertainment. Not being able, however, to shake our confidence, they in some measure regained their own, and the success that attended their exertions was the more gratifying to us all.

In 1836 I had the honour of making the acquaintance of the Duchess-COUNTESS of Sutherland, and it was at her grace's table that I shortly afterwards had the gratification of meeting Mr. Samuel Rogers ('that anomalous personage, a rich poet,' as Leigh Hunt used to call him) and that brilliant conversationalist Mr. Luttrell, with both of whom I remained on terms of the greatest friendship to the

end of their lives. The latter was at that period my near neighbour, residing in Brompton Square; and shortly after our dining together in Hamilton Place, I asked Mr. Rogers, with whom I had breakfasted the following morning, to favour Mrs. Planché and myself by breakfasting with us in Brompton Crescent. I had just previously been subpoenaed as a witness in the case of *Jerrold v. Morris*, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas; and instead of writing a note to Mr. Luttrell, to ask him to meet Mr. Rogers, I sent him overnight the subpoena altered to suit the circumstances, with which in his hand he punctually made his appearance at ten in the morning. These two celebrated men, without whom few dinner parties in high life were considered complete, were very differently gifted. Rogers had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote of the most interesting, as well as amusing description, and told his stories in the fewest words possible, so that not only did they never weary you, but they might have been printed without the slightest verbal alteration. Luttrell rarely recounted anything he had heard or seen, but charmed you by the sparkle of his language and the felicity of his epithets. One evening at a party, having accepted a verbal invitation to dinner, under the idea that his son, who was present, would also be asked, and finding subsequently that he was not, he said, 'Then who is going to dine there?' 'I really don't know, but I believe the Bishop of — for one.' 'The Bishop of —!' exclaimed Luttrell. 'Mercy upon me! I don't mix well with the Dean, and I shall positively effervesce with the Bishop.'

Though great friends, for many years, and almost constant companions, they would occasionally comment on each other's pecu-

liarities with humorous freedom. At an assembly at Grosvenor House Mr. Luttrell informed me Mr. Rogers had hurt his foot. On expressing my regret at the cause of his absence, 'Oh!' said Luttrell, 'he'll be here to-night for all that; that old man would go out with the rattles in his throat!' I don't think Rogers was five years his senior. Rogers had the reputation of being very ill-natured, and many instances have been given to me by others. I am bound to declare that during all the time I knew him I never heard him say a really ill-natured thing of any one; but he by no means denied the accusation. 'When I was young,' he observed to me, 'I used to say good-natured things, and nobody listened to me. Now that I am old I say ill-natured things and everybody listens to me.' So much has been written about the 'Poet of Memory,' and so many of his anecdotes circulated, both in print and conversation, that I shall only recite a few that I heard from his own lips, and as nearly as I can recollect in his precise words.

'My old friend Maltby, the brother of the Bishop, was a very absent man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby I said, "That was Mrs. _____. We have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers." Maltby, still looking at the pictures, said, "And was it?"'

'A man stopped me one day in Piccadilly and said, "How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" I didn't know him. "You don't remember

me, sir. I had the pleasure of seeing you at Bath." I said, "Delighted to see you again—at Bath."

'It was the fashion formerly to make your guests drunk; and there was a gentleman staying in a country house, and they made him very drunk, and they tarred and feathered him, and put him to bed. In the morning he woke, and he wasn't sober then. He rose and went to a cheval-glass, and he looked at himself and said, "A bird, by —!"'

The jokes on his personal appearance never seemed to disturb his tranquillity. 'Rogers, you're rich enough, why don't you keep your hearse?' is a well-known question addressed to him by some wicked wag—I think Lord Alvanley; but he was as hard upon himself. He tried to cheer my wife, who was becoming a confirmed invalid, by assuring her that he never knew what health was till he was fifty, and that when he was a young man he wore a yellow coat, and was called the Dead Dandy. Singularly enough, after the accident which deprived him of the power of walking, it might truly have been said he kept his hearse, for he was carried in his chair and put into his carriage by a door made at the back of it, in perfect conformity with that vehicle which drives us to the bourne from which no traveller returns. The last time I breakfasted with him, the other guests were Lord Glenelg, Sir David Brewster, and Mr. Babbage; but his strength and memory were fast failing him, and he survived his old friend Luttrell but a few years. London society has yet to seek their successors.

THE BLOOMING OF THE ALOE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO EXISTENCES AND ONE NAME.

ONE day in the month of June, and the hottest month of June within the memory of man, Lucius sat beside the open window, a sheet of paper before him half-covered with neat writing: his right hand held his pen, his left supported his head in the most favourable position for thinking, while his eyes were fixed with a vacant stare upon a bright brass knocker over the way. But there is no inspiration in a brass knocker, and inspiration was what he sought, for he was engaged in that most absorbing of all occupations, the pursuit of a fugitive idea.

The room he sat in was anything but a luxurious one. It was small and on the second floor; but as yet Lucius could afford no better, having only a hundred pounds a year to find him in necessaries, and his extras depending on that same hunting of fugitive ideas; moreover, the room was quite good enough for a poet. But few of its contents, poor as they were, owned Lucius for their master, his own possessions being in and upon the dwarf cupboards beside the fireplace; that on the right was his larder, that on the left, which he had labelled 'Hospital for Incurables,' was the repository of his literary failures. He had originally labelled both cupboards, the other bearing the inscription 'Consumption Hospital,' but he found that took away his appetite. Upon these two cupboards stood his books in seemly rows, and a teapot, holding the place of honour on the mantelpiece between two mongrel curs, made up the sum of

his possessions. It was a little round white teapot, with Chinese figures painted on the sides, and had come to him as a gift; the spout was chipped, and there was a crack through the handle; but if you stood at a little distance and kept the damaged parts in the shade, it looked almost as good as new, so Lucius said, and dignified it by the title of personal goods and chattels. He regarded it, moreover, as the nucleus of future housekeeping, and in the midst of all his dreams clung to that teapot as something tangible.

The one great fault of Lucius was that of dreaming; not dreaming in the night time and when asleep, which is a matter between a man and his own conscience, or rather his digestion, but in the day, which means idleness, irresolution, and all the failings which go to the spoiling of a man in early life, and make but a bad provision for old age.

The fact was that Lucius, when very young, had got hold of a most pernicious idea; he imagined, in fact, that he was a poet, and as poets are something more than mortal, it behoved him to be above the common things of the world, such as labour, for instance, and to practise those vagaries by which all true poets are known; so he went in with great zeal for meditation, solitude, and idleness, the combination of which three, coupled with a native irresolution, resulted in a confirmed habit of dreaming. His friend, Professor Palling, had procured him a situation in a mercantile house in the

City, and it was from this time that the division of his life into two existences commenced. His office life and home life were so distinctly separated that it was as though he had by some magic been transformed into two individuals. A steady, plodding, matter-of-fact fellow was the one Lucius; a dreaming enthusiast, a visionary, a being of imagination and indolence and vague musings, was the other Lucius. This change was perfectly visible to a curious observer, and the professor, being interested in the subject, not only on account of his friendship for Lucius, but as a follower of science, once took the trouble to walk home with him from the City for the sole purpose of noting the phenomena of the change. He had intended to write a thesis on the subject, but other and more pressing affairs requiring his attention at that time, he let it pass, and has now kindly allowed me the use of his notes jotted down on the occasion, which I think it best to set out verbatim as follows:—

‘ 6.5 P.M. Lucius brushing his hat with his sleeve; had his business face on; turned back as we reached the door to shut an inkstand.

‘ Note. Component parts of business face are, close-set lips, slightly-contracted brow, muscles of jaw strongly developed, intelligent eye.

‘ Pace at starting 120 steps per min. Told me to avoid a bit of orange-peel: very dexterous in crossing the road.

‘ 6.10. First change: jaw-muscles not visible; pace slightly relaxed. Qy. Change owing to internal or external causes? Fancy the sight of a water-cart in Prince’s Street had something to do with it.

‘ 6.20. 80 steps per min.; vacant look in eyes; brows unbent; answered at cross purposes when spoken to.

‘ 6.30. Lower lip slightly drooping; eyes cast down; pace very irregular; nearly run over by coal-waggon. Shouted at, and begged crossing-sweeper’s pardon; very severe symptoms of absence of mind. Qy. Any connection between absence of mind and somnambulism? Symptoms similar. Mem. Absence of mind means presence of mind. L. is all mind at this moment. No further change visible.

‘ Connection of mind and body; custom; influence of external objects; the soul is man, not the body; soul same as mind; two men with one body. Qy. Lawful to take two wives?’

There the notes end, and it is to be regretted that the professor never found time to treat the subject in that half-philosophical, half-humorous way for which he was so distinguished, as it was one upon which he had spent much thought, intending to supplement it, when written, by a chapter upon the choice of names, and to have christened the whole ‘Two existences and one name,’ (a heading which we have appropriated for this chapter), with a dedication to Lucius. But, alas! the first part was never written, and he therefore thought it scarcely worth while to write the sequel, whereby the world has lost one of those little bits of literature which are to the epics as a Sèvres vase is to a fresco by Michael Angelo.

And this brings us to the peculiarity of Lucius having but one name. His sponsors and providence had not neglected him in this respect, for they had bestowed upon him the name of Gabriel, viewing it, no doubt, in its angelic aspect; but, unfortunately for their wisdom’s reputation and Lucius’ peace of mind, his schoolfellows regarded it from a ludicrous point of view, curtailed it into Gaby,

and so ticketed him with a name distinctive and descriptive. The boy's sensitive nature was hurt at this, the more so that it contained some modicum of truth. Had he been at the top of his class they might have called him worse names than that, and conscious ability would have borne him up, but when he was always hovering about the bottom—often absolutely last—then 'Gaby' was an added bitterness that was past bearing. So it came to pass that in after time he began signing himself, like a peer of the realm, simply 'Lucius,' a name that had no sorrowful reminiscences attached, which indeed was a beautiful name, well befitting a poet, and smacking somewhat of old Rome. He might, it is true, have avoided the singularity of one name by tacking another to it, according to his fancy—George, or Frederick, or even Nebuchadnezzar—but that, to his sensitive mind, had too much the appearance of thieving other men's property; besides, he rather liked the singularity, and was wont to think of himself as 'the poet Lucius.' 'One name,' said he, 'is enough for fame, and obscurity can ask no more.'

But he had to turn that sentiment over in his mind several times before he could arrange it to his satisfaction, as he wished people to think it an epigram.

On this evening he was in one of his most profound dreams, thanks to that fugitive idea which objected to be caught, and as he sat cudgelling his brains the door suddenly opened, and a little gentleman in an old-fashioned suit of black stepped softly into the room.

'Ah! Lucius, Lucius,' said the little gentleman, 'in dreamland again?'

Lucius started and blushed: he had an unhappy knack of blushing, which, though becoming in a

woman, is apt to look foolish in a man.

'No, dear professor,' said he, 'not dreaming, but thinking.'

'Humph,' said the professor; 'and what might be the subject of your thoughts, if one may ask?'

'I was trying to catch an idea that had escaped me, but perhaps it was not worth the trouble,' said Lucius, modestly.

'Very likely not,' said the professor; 'may I look?' And so saying he took hold of the half-covered paper, adjusted his glasses, and read 'On the ultimate destination of tadpole's tails.'

'Heyday! what is this?'

'A metaphysical essay, professor.'

'A metaphysical essay on tadpole's tails! Have you ever tried a theological discussion on the third joint of the middle finger? There is a good deal to be got out of that subject, Lucius.'

'Ah, professor, you are laughing at me now. But I am quite serious in what I say. I employ the tadpoles' tails metaphorically, to personify the little eccentricities and offshoots of the youthful and unformed mind, which fade and drop away when manhood comes upon us, as the tail drops away from the mature frog.'

'But Lord bless and save the man!' cried the professor. 'It don't drop off!'

'Don't drop off!' echoed Lucius, falling back in his chair. 'Then my essay—'

'Had better be destroyed, in fact, is destroyed, utterly demolished. So now put on your hat, and let us start, for it is time.'

'Start! where for?' said Lucius, bewildered.

'Where for! Oh, Lucius! Lucius! have you forgotten?'

But Lucius only looked puzzled, as the professor shook his forefinger at him, and blushed up to the roots of his hair, for he was

afraid he had been guilty of some breach of good manners.

'Really, professor,' said he, 'I don't know—I don't remember—'

'Did you not have a letter from Melissa?'

'No; I have had no letter.'

'Why, these hands posted it; or, to speak by the book, this hand, this right hand, posted it. It must have reached you, Lucius.'

'No,' said Lucius, quite bewildered. 'I declare positively I have had no letter.'

'It is her birthday,' said the professor, 'and we have a little party in honour of the occasion. That letter was to invite you.'

'Very strange!' said Lucius, musing, 'that it should have miscarried—but stay—perhaps—' and, blushing again as red as the reddest of roses, he began hastily to disburthen his pockets of their contents, which he strewed upon the table—bills, letters, some opened, some untouched, though grimed with age, and as they came tumbling forth he suddenly clutched at a little pink envelope.

'I didn't know,' he stammered. 'I must have put it in my pocket without thinking. Dear professor, it was very stupid and very rude, and—what will Melissa say?'

'Come, Lucius, don't stay to read it now. I've told you the contents.'

'And I had forgotten that it was her birthday! I think, sometimes, that I must be an idiot.'

'We won't dispute that point,' said the professor. 'But get your hat, and come with me.'

'I will overtake you,' cried Lucius, running down-stairs like a madman. 'Fool! Idiot! What shall I forget next?'

'Now I'll wager my wig,' said the professor—his favourite wager, and a very safe one, seeing that he possessed no wig—'now I'll wager my wig that he forgets all about it

before he turns the corner.' And, with that, he also went downstairs, and proceeded on his way.

But the professor was unjust. Lucius was not likely to forget what had caused him so much annoyance; and, moreover, he had the letter in his hand to remind him. This he broke open and read as he ran:

'DEAR LUCIUS,—You will remember that next Wednesday is my birthday, and you are to honour my little fête with your presence. Don't forget.—Yours sincerely,

'MELISSA.'

It was not much to read; but he went over it so many times that, when he at length put it in his pocket and looked about him, he found he had overshot his mark, and had to turn back. His mark was a fancy shop, whose window was a perfect conglomeration of pretty trinkets; and the object of his visit was a little blue-and-white pot for the toilet-table, very pretty and delicate to look at, and not too dear. This pot Lucius had observed ten days since, and thought it would make an admirable present for Melissa; 'but,' he had added to himself, 'there was plenty of time to buy it,' and so the time had slipped by, and he had forgotten all about it. Now he went in and bought the treasure, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and, having deposited it in a corner of his pocket, set off running to catch the professor.

CHAPTER II.

MELISSA HAS A BIRTHDAY—AND
WHAT BECAME OF LUCIUS' BIRTH-
DAY PRESENT.

Melissa, Professor Palling's only child and little housekeeper, was seventeen on that 24th day of June, and had coaxed her father into giving what she unsophistically

called a party, but what he dignified by the name of festa. It was to be a garden and musical party, the music coming in with the lights; and the whole of the arrangements were to be under the direction of Melissa herself, whose very first edict was that the garden part of the entertainment should be perfectly Arcadian in its simplicity. When the professor asked her what she meant by *that*, she replied, 'Fruit and syllabub, strawberries, mountains of strawberries, cherries, apples, whipped cream, curds and whey, and sweet cakes. There should be plenty of those for the hungry and thirsty, but no animal food, no strong drinks.'

The party was to be a select one, and in the selection three things, said Melissa, profoundly, must be considered: the guests must be nice people of themselves, they must be nice people one with another, and they must be musical people; and proceeding on this basis the selection was finally made. Lucius must, of course, be there; he was Melissa's old playmate, and, besides, he had a voice useful in part-singing. Then there were the Fields, Veronica and her brother Marcus, a former pupil of the professor's, who was to be Lord Chancellor some of these days, and was in the meantime waiting for his first brief; the last new poet of the day, Vincent Rouse, and others with whom we are not concerned. Melissa had also thrown in, by way of compliment to her father, old Dr. Peters and Mr. and Mrs. Mickleham.

We left Lucius running after the professor, entirely forgetting that the weather was far too hot for such violent exercise. He only remembered that when, on overtaking his old friend, he found himself in a profuse perspiration. He had, moreover, left in such a desperate hurry that he had for-

gotten the necessity of attending to his toilet, and was obliged to do it when he arrived at the professor's; and so it happened that he had to make his way by himself into the garden, where he could hear them talking and laughing, and the croquet balls clicking. He thought the best way would be through the little conservatory by the drawing-room. Perhaps he might find Melissa there; at any rate it was better than marching round by the side-door, in full view of the whole company. There was no one in the drawing-room, as it happened, nor in the conservatory either; but on the round table lay Melissa's birthday presents—gorgeous some of them—a fan, some filigree ear-drops, a box of ravishing gloves, like a nest of young doves, a little gilt-topped scent-bottle; and as Lucius took them up one after another, his heart sank within him, and he thought what a poor show his little blue-and white pot would make amid these rich strangers. It was more elegant than many of them—that that gaudy, over-coloured fan, for instance—and that was some consolation; but still how poor! and how could he have the face to give so mean a present to Melissa with so many eyes looking on him? There was only one way, he thought—and as he thought he stood turning over some music by the piano—there was only one way of getting over the difficulty: he would place his present among the others, leaving it for Melissa to find, and—ah! he had come upon a piece of music which he had often heard of, but never heard. It was an old-fashioned piece, long since gone to the limbo of forgotten vanities; but some association was connected with it in Lucius' mind, so he touched the notes of the melody very softly, not to attract the attention of those



Drawn by T. Bailey Conant

WILLIAM H. DAVIS, 1888

[See Page 19]

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BLOOMING OF THE ALOE.

Drawn by Townsley Green.]



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without. The melody was quaint and pretty; it grew louder, and his other hand slipped down upon the keys, and he himself slipped down upon the music-stool, and so he played the piece through to the end.

'Bravo, Lucius!' said a soft voice in his ear; 'and played at sight, too—you who always say you cannot play at all.'

'Ah, Melissa!' said Lucius, 'I could not have played that had I known you were there.'

'You shall play to-night,' said Melissa, imperatively. But Lucius shook his head.

'You shall play to-night, I say!' said Melissa, more imperiously still, and with a little stamp of her foot; 'you forget that I am a queen to-day.'

'You deserve to be a queen all your days!' said Lucius; 'and I have not forgotten it. See here!'

He pulled out his present in nervous haste; but his face went very red as he observed the unnatural flatness of the parcel and heard the ominous rattle inside, and his voice faltered as he said:

'I fear—Melissa—I—I have been sitting on it.'

'Is it anything brittle?' she asked, handling it delicately.

'I fancy it is,' said he; 'I'm afraid it wouldn't bear sitting on.'

Then she opened the packet; and behold! the pot was in many pieces!

'I'm so sorry!' said Melissa; 'it must have been so pretty! and it was very good of you to think of me, and—is that my letter you have wrapped it in?'

'Your letter!' cried Lucius. 'I beg your pardon; but so it is—I was not aware of what I was doing—I thought it was something else. I—I—pray give it me again.'

'And now,' said Melissa, putting away the fragments, 'let us join

the others, and have some fruit. Are you fond of strawberries?'

So they went through the conservatory into the cheerful garden, Lucius having succeeded in adding two more mortifications to his life; but after the first shame and annoyance they did not trouble him very severely, for he was tolerably used to them, and, as he was wont to say in moments of self-condemnation, his life was composed of petty mortifications.

'Come,' she said, 'and I will introduce you to the others.'

'Please don't,' said he; 'introductions always make me feel so awkward, and—and I shall get on very well.'

'Get on very well, indeed! Yes, you will get into some long discussion with papa and Dr. Peters, about the mean difference between something or other—a miser and a board of guardians—or something equally abstruse; and I don't mean to allow anything of the kind. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll let you off with one introduction, and that shall be to Veronica Field—you have heard me speak of Veronica?'

'Ah, yes!' said Lucius, who in truth was heartily sick of Veronica without having seen her, her name was so frequently on Melissa's lips.

So Melissa led him off like a victim for the sacrifice, and introduced him to her dear friend.

CHAPTER III.

VERONICA FIELD DISCOURSES ON THE IMAGINATION, AND MELISSA ON THE OLD MASTERS.

Veronica Field was four-and-twenty, and mistress of 10,000*l.* Her brother, who was of an ambitious turn of mind, considered that she would be throwing herself away if she married anybody

less than a baronet; of course a baron would be better, but he did not insist upon that, as, when he attained the woolsack, they would, at any rate, have one lord in the family. Lord Camberwell should be his title, from the place of his birth.

Handsome, Veronica certainly was, with plenty of rich-coloured hair—which distressed her as a girl by being red, and contented her in womanhood by being the fashionable colour,—and a brilliant complexion; but to the beauty of colour was added the beauty of outline: she would have been glorious in marble, which is not the case with every beauty. And her eyes! well, Lucius on first seeing her said they were violet; but presently he found they were steel-blue, and was not quite certain, before the evening was over, whether they were grey or bottle-green; they were the oddest eyes possible, seeming to be full at one moment of liquid light; at another clouded over; expanding, contracting, many-coloured as a chameleon, as though they were transparent, and took their tint from a changing foil of thought behind.

'I have to thank Mr. Lucius for some pleasant reading,' she said.

'You are too good,' said Lucius, and somehow he was not so bashful with her as with other women; 'you are too good, Miss Field, in saying that. I feel I have not written anything worthy of your praise.'

'But you are a poet?'

'I hope so.'

'Then pray do not deprecate yourself, and never contradict a lady when she says, as I say, that you have written some charming poems.'

'Ah! if the world would think so!' he exclaimed.

'I think so,' said Veronica.

'But you are not the world,'—was anybody ever so foolish as Lucius?—'and I want fame—present fame.'

'Fie!' said she; 'that is vanity.'

'No, no!' said he, blushing; 'not vanity. I do not want it for myself—and yet I do. I mean, I do not want it for that reason.'

'I think I understand,' she answered, with a smile; and then, as though changing the conversation, 'Have you known Melissa long?'

'Oh, yes; we were children together.'

'And does she appreciate you?'

'She likes me, but—'

'She is no enthusiast? No; I know that. She laughs at me for being what she calls romantic, and I chide her for being prosaic. Ah! I wish I could be like you!'

'Like me! you don't know what you wish. I am very miserable at times.'

'A poet ought never to know misery,' she rejoined; 'his imagination ought to keep him sacred from all worldly annoyances; creating a second existence, a sort of earthly heaven into which he can withdraw.'

'The professor says that *I* have two existences,' said Lucius, gravely; 'but the real too often calls me from the ideal.'

'Tell me about it,' she said, putting her hand upon his arm, and looking at him with those wonderful eyes that seemed to take all free will from him.

So he told her the story of his life, his hopes, his ambitions, his day-dreams; and she sympathized with him, deplored the necessity of daily toil, uttering enchanting praises of that manuscript Melissa had shown her—'The Honeycomb,'—all in praise of that damsel, but so allegorized and symbolized that she never observed the homage.

'But I saw it,' said Veronica; and he did not reply now that she was not Melissa, as he had before said that she was not the world.

When they were gathered indoors to the music and the more substantial food, Lucius got separated from Veronica, and took shelter in a quiet corner behind the window-curtain, where Melissa found him presently, and fell to praising Veronica.

'I was so glad to see how well you got on together. I was sure you would like her.'

'But I don't know that I do like her,' said Lucius; 'she's a very strange girl. She seems to draw everything out of me, like mesmerism, you know.'

'That's sympathy,' said Melissa, with a sage nod, as though she knew all about human nature: 'you're exactly suited to each other.'

'She is very beautiful!'

'So papa says.'

'I don't know; but somehow—there, as she stands now with those blue flowers in her hair—I could declare I had seen her somewhere before.'

'Ah! you mean the picture in papa's library?'

'Yes; that is it.'

'A picture!' said Vincent Rouse, the new poet, who was hovering near; 'you mean that picture of Flora, Miss Palling? A splendid thing that: may I ask whose it is?'

'It is a Titian,' said Melissa; 'at least it was yesterday. It may be a Vandyck now.'

'Indeed!' said Rouse, laughing; 'its parentage would seem to be as uncertain as that of Mr. James Elia's Madonna, that came in a Raphael and went out a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti.'

'Is Mr. Elia a friend of yours?' asked Melissa.

'Yes,' said Rouse, with a queer

look, 'a friend of long standing.' He had sustained his literary character by an apt quotation, and was satisfied—for the consciousness of having done a clever thing is a reward of itself.

When Melissa had disposed of this same Mr. Elia, she turned to speak to Lucius once more, but found his place occupied by Marcus Field.

'How tiresome!' she said; 'I wanted to speak to Lucius.'

'Thank you for the compliment!' said Marcus, bowing; 'I must go away to hide my blushes!' But he remained, nevertheless.

CHAPTER IV.

A RHAPSODY ON THE IDEAL AND THE BEAUTIFUL, AFTER WHICH LUCIUS TAKES A WALK AMONG THE STARS.

'The lovers of the beautiful are a brotherhood, and genius knits us together with strong bonds,' said Melissa—no, it was not Melissa, it was Veronica; and there were flowers and green ferns around her, and the ferns seemed to bow to her, and the blossoms to swell and palpitate, and fill the whole place with the burden of their sweet breath; and over all was a subdued light, soft and warm.

He had been sitting behind the window curtain a moment before talking to Melissa, and now the curtain was changed to this screen of flowers, and Melissa had changed to Veronica; but how it came about he had not the least idea. Was he in one of his dreams?

'There are many kinds of genius,' she said, holding him with her eyes; 'but the crown of all is the ideal, which sets men apart from their fellow-men and makes them sacred. Have you never felt that in your heart?'

' Yes—oh yes !' said Lucius.

' The chosen ones are few,' she continued, ' and are not known except of themselves until they die, and not always then. But can we blame men for that ? Should we not rather pity them for their blindness ? Oh, Lucius ! you who have been gifted, as few are gifted, with that inner sight that sees things invisible to grosser eyes ; you who are elevated above others by perfectness of soul, so that you know the glory and happiness of ideal life, and see the difference between that and the common life of man—why do you still hanker after that common life and its petty joys and triumphs ?'

' I am mortal,' he said.

' Mortal ! but why cling to your mortality ? He who has once been in Paradise sighs not for the pleasures of the world ; and for you to do this is as much sacrilege as for the preacher of truth in the temple to hunger for the orator's fame, for the sake of vanity, and not for the glory of the truth. You say you have two existences, a true and a false ; but what you call the false is the true, and what you call the true is the false. Do you suppose it is for nothing that this inspiration of another life is given ?—do you suppose it is merely an enchantment like the drunkenness of wine, to show you things as they are not ? No ; it is a chastening of the sight to show you things as they are.'

' I have sometimes thought,' said Lucius, ' that I was truly living when other men said I dreamt.'

' Dream always, Lucius, and let other men say what they will. See, here is the type of man !—and as she spoke she touched an aloe (' They had just such an aloe in the Palling's garden,' Lucius thought), and at her touch the aloe rustled its leaves, and all the other flowers swayed and murmured,

' here is the type of man : as the bitterness of the aloe so is the bitterness of man's life ; as the barrenness of the aloe so is the barrenness of man's life ; but once in a hundred years does the aloe bloom, and that is the blossoming of genius which idealises the common to a thing of glory. Thou art the flower, Lucius ; and yet thou pinest for the bitterness of the green leaves.'

' But I am mortal,' said he once again ; ' I am mortal, and I love.'

' You love Melissa ?'

' Yes, I love Melissa,' he whispered.

' It will pass.'

' No, never ! I love with all my soul !'

' Hush ; that is profanation. You do not love with all your soul, but with all your heart. Surrender yourself freely to the genius that abides in you. Give no thought to the comment of men ; for, being blind, how can they judge of the beautiful, the true beautiful, which your eyes have seen and senses felt ? Cast off the gross life that clings to you, and this mundane love, which seems all-powerful now, will flee away like a shadow. It looks bright and rosy now as the dew-spangled web is bright and rosy at the uprising of the sun ; but the brightness and the colour is of the sun, and presently the dew is dissipated and the web is broken ; and so human love passes away.'

' Nay,' said he, earnestly, ' human love is a step towards the ideal.'

' And as a step,' she replied, ' once passed, it is useless and forgotten of all but the recreant who would turn back.'

' It is hard to believe,' he cried. ' This love is strong within me—it is part of myself. Melissa is everything !'

' Everything ! what is she ? Does she partake of your high

thoughts? Does she see the beauty of the ideal? Does she enter into the true spirit of the poets that raises and foresees? No! all these things are as mists to her. When you tell her of your fancies does she not smile? when you speak in the mystical language your heart teaches you, does she not take refuge in her worldliness and, not understanding, contemn?

'It is very true,' said he, sadly; 'she knows not these things yet—'

'Know this, Lucius,' said she—and the flowers murmured once more, but he found nothing strange in that—'know this, Lucius: they who, following the ideal, arrive at perfection, have divinities for their loves.'

'Divinities!'

'Yes! As Endymion and Adonis. Men, priding themselves in their ignorance and calling it criticism, would have these to be allegories of Nature. But they were men, such as you are, Lucius, who lived the better life, the life of thought and soul and imagination, so that they purified themselves from the imperfections of man and made themselves worthy of the love of deities.'

'O heaven! what is this you tell me? I thought they were but myths.'

'Know them then for truths, Lucius.'

'The love of deities! Ah! Veronica—your pardon for calling you so!'

'You may call me so now. We are not as strangers.'

'Veronica, shall I ever be loved by a divinity?'

She placed her hands upon his shoulders and looked into his eyes, and then—did she kiss him, or what was it? He seemed to swoon, and heard the flowers singing, and felt their heavy scent oppressing him, and then he as suddenly

awoke to the sound of voices calling 'Lucius! Lucius!' and he was sitting in the conservatory all alone, and the flowers were as they were wont to be, and there was the aloe, which she had touched, standing in its round green tub as it had stood as long as he could remember.

'Why, Lucius,' said Melissa, coming to him, 'have you been sleeping?'

'No, Melissa, far from sleeping!'

She looked at him curiously, observing something strange in his manner and voice.

'We want you to come and sing, Lucius. Now, it is no use refusing.'

'Oh yes! I will sing,' said he, readily, and thought to himself: 'Apollo sang to mortals, and they gave the prize to another.'

Veronica was at the piano when he entered, and she played to him while he sang as he had never sung before, Melissa looking at him in wonder.

This was not the Lucius whom she had known, not the modest, nervous youth, blushing and distrustful of himself; this was another person altogether; and Melissa wondered what had come over him.

What had come over him was this: even while he was singing he felt the touch of that kiss, or whatever it was, upon his forehead, and heard those words: 'They who, following the ideal, arrive at perfection, have divinities for their loves.'

It never occurred to him what a number of perfect women there must have been in old times.

That night as he walked home he looked up at the stars and fancied that they were the eyes of the divinities watching him in his upward path to perfection, each palpitating with the expectation of that day when he, as sublimised man, should be worthy of their

love. He had the whole thing before him as he walked, and although he stumbled against some half-dozen people on his way, that did not distract his thoughts for above a minute or so at a time. He imagined his own particular Mount Latmos—it was something like Primrose Hill without the lamp-posts—and he, the essence of his then self, asleep thereon and awakened by a kiss. Oh, that kiss! that kiss! how it clung to him! He had never kissed a woman since he was a child, nor had woman kissed him until now, and even that now was uncertain. Had Veronica kissed him when his senses swooned, or had he imagined it in vivid fancy? It was very sweet; it was like what the kiss of a goddess must be; and perhaps Veronica was like a goddess? He looked up at the stars and saw her eyes among them, her changing eyes that lightened and waned and were now one colour and now another, and seemed to draw him to them and make him glad; and he called out, 'Veronica! Veronica!' so that passers-by stood still to look at him.

It was past twelve when he reached his Canonbury lodgings, having taken two hours in his stellar ramblings.

His mind was in a strange state of turmoil that night; he felt that he was changed, but never stopped to inquire why: he was not in a mood for argument or inquiry; reasoning was an attribute of mortals: it was unnecessary to gods.

He threw up the window, for the room was hot and close, and put his burning forehead on the sill; then he looked at himself in the glass over the mantel-piece, to see if there were anything of the god in him yet, and as he stood he took off the lid of that little china teapot which has been mentioned before.

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING WHAT A TEAPOT MAY CONTAIN.

The pot had been made for the purpose of holding tea, but at present it held nothing but rose-leaves, dried rose-leaves, such as you find in old country-houses stored in great china jars. He had placed them there himself, with a sort of sentimental feeling that they would keep sweet the memory of the donor of the pot; and now, as he raised the lid, the odour of the dead blossoms gushed forth and seemed to overpower him.

'Oh, how sweet!' he cried; 'tis like the scent of those flowers when Veronica kissed me.'

And, what appeared strange, the scent kept increasing in its intensity, denser and denser, like clouds of incense rolling out of the pot; he seemed to see it and drew it in with his breath; and the murmur of the flowers—the murmur with a rhythm in it like a song—sounded in his ears, so that he fell upon his knees, hiding his face upon the ground, for he was afraid, and said, 'Veronica! Veronica! is that you?'

'Look up,' said a sweet voice.

And he looked up, and Veronica stood before him.

But her face was radiant so that it lighted the dark room, and she had on a robe of pure white and a garland of pink roses round her fair throat and the same blue flowers in her hair that she had worn before. All this he remembered afterwards, but at the time he thought she had always been thus.

'Veronica,' said he, 'art thou the divinity who is to love me?'

'I came to bid thee to our feast,' she said.

'Your feast? I do not understand.'

Then she said, in a voice that was sweeter than any he had ever heard:

'Once in a hundred years the aloe breaks into blossom, and then Flora holds her court with rejoicing and festivity and all the pomp and glory of the olden time. The bud is now ripe, and to-morrow the flower will come forth. She knows you as a votary of the beautiful and bids you come.'

'How?' asked he, faintly. 'My feet know not the ways of the gods.'

Then she took one of the blue flowers from her hair and gave it to him.

'At sunrise to-morrow,' she said, 'this will be your guide: where it turns, there follow.'

He took the blossom with reverent hands, and then said:

'Will you be there, Veronica?'

And she replied, with a smile, 'I shall be there.'

But it was all so wonderful to him, so far past his imperfect understanding, that she seemed to read the doubt struggling on his face, and asked him:

'What is it, Lucius?'

'I want to know——' and there he stopped, ashamed of his own ignorance.

'You want to know?'

'I want to know—who and what are you—whence comes the murmur that I hear—what subtle essence was there in that old pot, that these things are wrought?'

'In time,' she said, 'you will know all these things. Be satisfied with this at present: that sweetest flower is the blossom of men's minds; and it is a blossom that clothes itself with added beauty with each day, and a blossom that never dies. You ask me what is the essence that this old pot contained. Do you remember

Lucius, when you placed the rose-leaves there?'

'Yes.'

'And do you remember—but why do I ask?—let me rather say, you do remember, what thought was in your heart at the time.'

'Yes. I placed them there as an emblem of the affection I had for him who gave me this pot—an affection whose odour should survive death and be sweet for all time.'

'And he is dead?'

'Yes.'

'That thought, Lucius, is the essence. Such perfume comes of the purified and elevated mind. It is the perfume of the ideal.'

'Would others perceive it as well as myself?'

'No. You are not as other men, Lucius; you stand above them in an atmosphere of your own; your nature is above their nature, your thoughts are greater than their thoughts, your mind is superior to their minds, so that they cannot understand it, neither can they see or hear the things that you see or hear.'

Then she stooped over him and placed her hands upon his eyes, soft and warm, and held them there for a moment with a gentle pressure, and when she removed them she was gone, and the odour had died away, and the murmur had ceased, and he was kneeling in the middle of the room in darkness and alone, holding the blue flower in his hand.

He looked at the mantelshelf, and there was the old china teapot with its lid removed, and he thought—

'Under what odd forms does man's destiny lie, and how often does he live side by side with his happiness all his life and never recognises it!'

(To be continued.)

PRINCE TCHERKASKYS' MASQUERADE.

ONE touch of the golden wand of an April sunbeam and the enchanter spring had driven winter out of Russia. The ice on the Neva had at last broken from the banks, and was floating in great crystal rafts down towards Cronstadt. Almost the very moment that the cold chain of winter snapped in two, boom! boom! went the rejoicing cannon of the citadel, and instantly through the spring sunshine across the Neva darted the Commandant in his gilded boat to bear the usual large goblet full of Neva water to the Emperor. Boom again had roared the cannon as the Czar raised the glass to his lips and drank to the health of his dear citizens of St. Petersburg. For that glass full of water the Commandant had presently received his usual fee of two hundred ducats. In former times the Emperor, I was told used, before he returned it, to fill the glass with gold pieces, but as the goblet grew every year larger, it became at last high time to compromise matters with the Commandant, or he would have ended by bringing the great tun of Heidelberg for the Emperor to empty.

The first vessel from Europe would soon arrive, the sledges be locked up in their sheds, the ice be stored in the warehouses, the life and industry of the great city would start into full summer vigour. I stood on the English quay watching the ice that came floating down the river from Lake Ladoga, thinking to myself how just in the same way civilisation would some day release Russia from the old slavery of serfdom and despotism. Then I wandered to the great cathedral, Isaac's church, to see if the influence of spring could be felt even there. The great gilt cupola shone from a distance and guided

me like a star. But inside Isaac's church among the malachite pillars, the bronze and gilding, the granite pillars, the silver shrines, the lamps and tapers and quaint dark Byzantine pictures of the Virgin no sunshine threw a radiance. Lamplight seemed more fitting for the superstition there that bent to the marble pavement the matted hair and narrow brows of those rugged peasants who, wrapped up in their sheepskin coats, offered their prayers to the Holy Mother of Kasan, that Madonna especially venerated by the Cossacks.

I had been only a week in St. Petersburg, and I had still three months before me even if my business would then allow me to depart. I confess as I came out of Isaac's church and walked round the Admiralty Square I began to think of the pleasant spring time of England. I could imagine the hedges quickening to a livelier green, the blossoms covering the fruit-trees with fragrant snow, the turf growing a livelier emerald. The fact was I knew hardly any one yet in the Russian capital but a Prince Tcherkasky, who was just now away at Moscow, and I began to find it dull. To wander among thousands of persons speaking a language unknown to you makes you feel like a deaf man at a theatre. I went to the Bank to draw 2000*r.*, dined, and was walking up and down a passage—one of those covered arcades leading out of the great street of St. Petersburg, the Nevskoi Prospekt—smoking a cigar and whiling away the time before the opera began, by studying in the shop-windows the last French and German caricatures and some photographs of Chinese and Circassian

life which had just come out. All at once, as I turned on my heel, I saw a young officer in the uniform of an Austrian regiment, white and blue, look hard at me as he passed. His face was English I felt sure, but it was rather the intense sadness of it that made me look at it a second time. The next time he passed me he stopped, and in the Russian manner asked me politely in French to permit him to take a light from my cigar.

' You are surely a countryman of my own,' I said.

' I am,' was his reply. ' And I was sure you must be English, but you see foreigners attract no attention here, we are all so cosmopolitan.'

We were just then passing a café, and so agreed to go in there and have a talk.

' If you would like,' he said, ' to accept a stranger's invitation I would ask you to come to my club on the Fontanka. It is more private there, and as you say you are new here you may like to see our club life.'

I thanked him and willingly assented. He stopped at the first droshky-stand and gave the usual shout. ' Davzai—Ishvoshtshik.' Half-a-dozen drivers instantly ran up to us.

' Don't take that three-legged monster,' one cried; ' he'll stick in the mud; besides, that man with the grey beard has had too much vodka. He'll take you for two roubles and pick your pocket afterwards.'

My new friend soon selected a man from among these wrangling applicants, and away we went.

' Nitachevo never fear, sir,' said the man who dashed off with us. ' My little white pigeon knows the way. Yukh, yukh; my little pigeon will carry you till to-morrow if you like. Have a care there, old woman, or I shall drive over

you. Houp!' and away we flew.

' Good-natured fellows,' said my friend; ' and yet not many years ago a Russian here always used to beat a driver when he wanted to go faster.'

' The old ways must take time to thaw,' I said.

' What a climate,' said my friend, with an eagerness to talk that seemed to me almost forced, for his eyes, I observed, were listless, and his face was sallow, and worn. ' A German was telling me to-day that early in last December he threw a piece of apple-peel out of his window at Moscow; it froze to the ledge of the window and remained there till a thaw in February. That was nine weeks unintermitting frost. This winter has been peculiarly hard.'

' There must be something strange and romantic about a winter here.'

' The young officer gave a sigh. ' Strange! I rather think it is. I've spent a winter here, such a winter! First the steamers stop, and one feels cut off from the sea, and hope that way; then come the men to look to the great white stoves and put up the double doors and windows. At 20 degrees of the thermometer every one began to get anxious. At 23, officers are sent round day and night to see that the sentinels and policemen did not sleep, for to sleep would be to die. At 25, all the theatres are closed, for fear the actors might be frozen on the draughty stage, or the coachmen waiting outside found dead on their boxes. At 28, ugh! all the sentinels have fur cloaks given them, and no one goes out but officers and business men.'

' Delightful but sepulchral,' I exclaimed. ' You must all feel like released schoolboys now.'

' Yes, we do; that makes us all

in such high spirits,' exclaimed my companion, as he got up and shouted to the driver, 'The second large house by the Romanoff bridge.'

The driver turned round with a peculiar look of intelligence and uttered his usual exclamation of 'Nitshevoss, never fear, sir.'

'That man is drunk,' said the officer; 'but he'd go on till he dropped off the box. It is the way of these fellows.'

It is twenty years ago since that evening, but still I remember as vividly as if it was a picture of Canaletti, that house as we drove along the Fontanka, and dashing over a bridge drew up at the door of a brightly-illuminated house. It was a huge palace of a place rising in that Venetian part of St. Petersburg, and its lighted windows cast golden serpentine glimmers on the dark water of the canal. The neighbouring houses were dark and silent, but from the one which we were about to enter there broke occasional shouts of laughter, and I heard a curious whirring sound that was unknown to me.

'What noise is that?' I said to my companion, stopping with one foot on the first step of the entrance to listen.

'Oh, that is from one of our card-rooms,' he said, carelessly. 'Some of these rich Russian officers are fond of roulette, and like to play at it here among themselves better than at a public table.'

He said this in frank and ingenuous way, turning with a slight smile as we entered the hall to remark on the difference of English and Russian clubs.

'Is the baron here to-night?' he asked of one of the numerous footmen in the hall.

'Yes, monsieur.'

'Colonel Toganoff?'

'Yes, sir, just come.'

'MM. Resnaux and Carrefoix?'

'Yes, sir, they're both in the card-room.'

I was struck with the young officer's melancholy expression of face more and more as we sat together in a large empty smoking-room on the first floor above the apartment in which I could hear the whirr of the roulette and the wrangling clamour of excited players. His eyes were blank and lifeless as he answered my questions in an abstracted way.

'You are thinking of England,' I said; 'is it long since you were there?'

'I must apologise,' he said; 'yes, I was rather wandering for a moment. They are slow here, to-night: will they never bring the coffee?—Yes, in the June of last year I was in England.'

There were folding-doors at the end of the room where we sat. When we entered I noticed through the keyhole that the room beyond was dark, yet only a few minutes afterwards it was lighted up and some persons entered and began to play at cards. There was a whispering, then the doors were flung open, and a little portly, smiling, red-faced man, with a close-cropped white head and spectacles, entered our room and advanced towards us.

'Ha, Courtney,' said the baron (who was not unlike Cavour) in French, with a slight German accent, 'how are you? Introduce me to your friend; we want you to cut in here—perhaps your friend will take a hand at whist. I never play, as you know, till a certain regulated time after dinner. What is life without digestion, mon garçon. I say now, just as I used to say, what is life without love? But ever since that beautiful Livonian princess jilted me and married the old Hungarian duke I have sought my only consolation in the science of gastronomy. Our chef here will

not desert me as my mistress did ; no, no.'

The baron was very bland, pleasant, and genial, but I thought my new friend's manner to him somewhat cold as he mechanically laughed and replied, 'No, he knows his best friends too well—would you like a game of whist,' he added, turning to me; 'I see they are just beginning. I'll stay out, or go down for half an hour and watch the roulette. You'll find them nice fellows here but keen players.'

I consented with pleasure and at once sat down. I and M. Resnaux played M. Carrefoix and Colonel Toganoff. I did not somehow altogether like the men, rattling and hearty as they were, yet I hardly knew why. Resnaux was a tall, thin, keen-featured man, who looked like a lawyer; he had a brown complexion, compressed eyes, thin pinched lips, and a sardonic Voltairian smile. He approved of my playing, and manifested entire confidence in the result. The colonel, a stout man about sixty, with drooping white moustache, and a manner full of boisterous bonhomie, was the perfect old militaire, frank, cordial, careless, rudely-gay and sociable. M. Carrefoix was an old, bearded man, very silent, rather deaf and morose, caring for nothing but the game, and, as I soon found, intensely active to all its vicissitudes, though apparently almost sunk into imbecility.

' Extraordinary hand I had, extraordinary, ha, ha!' said the Colonel, at the close of the first game. ' M. Carrefoix, it will take us all we can do, I see, to beat them. But why did you lead spades, mon vieux brave ? But there, I must not say anything. I dare say I made a blunder or two. Eh bien. Encore mes amis ! Tirez !'

' You'd play a fair game if you

would not talk so much,' said the old man, preparing to deal. ' Observe how quick this Englishman is—how careful ! Sir,' he said, turning to me, ' you will be in time a first-rate player.'

The second game was for a larger sum. M. Resnaux and I were again partners. I was rich; I did not very much care even if I lost, the more especially as we had won the first rubber, and I felt by no means inferior in skill to my opponents. Again we won. Again we played for higher points ; and this time I and M. Carrefoix were partners. Before we began, the Colonel called for champagne; the Baron applauding the thought as worthy of a great military genius. He was evidently the acknowledged humourist of the party. One glass each no more, and two for the bystanders. I was at home with them all by this time. The Colonel shook my hand on the conclusion of the game, even although he again lost. M. Carrefoix smiled grim approval. M. Resnaux gave me a keen look and nodded to me as we touched glasses. The Baron patted my shoulder, chuckled himself hoarse when I won the odd trick, and derided his companions on the stranger's skill.

' M. Carrefoix, condescend to praise the stranger's play. M. Carrefoix, you are an impostor ! The English game is superior to ours. Resnaux, you're clearing them out—positively clearing out the Rothschild of St. Petersburg ! M. Carrefoix, shall I send home for some rouleaux for you ?—but, ah ! you've got your cheque-book, and you'll need it; you'll need it, mon ami.'

I saw the bottle of champagne uncorked and every glass filled, yet I'm sure that these clever rogues, somehow or other, drugged my wine; for almost instantly that I drank it, I felt a strange effe-

vescence and lightness in my brain, that seemed to change the character of every object and to alter the whole current of my thoughts. I was conscious that I was talking more and faster than before, and I seemed to see the whole mystery of the game with supernatural clearness. We were winning when, all at once, my partner returned a wrong card. He grumbled some malediction on himself, for that card lost us the game.

I told him so.

'You tell me how to play at whist?' he said, effervescently—'a man of my age! I tell you, it was your absurd hurry to get out your five trumps. It nearly lost you the last game, only you saved it by a blunder of Toganoff. You have held good cards, but if you had not, mon Dieu! things would have been different long ago.'

'Come, we've had enough of whist,' said the Colonel, 'when we get to recriminations. Always bear a defeat patiently. M. Carrefoix, come let us try some bets on the dice. Monsieur Anglais, some more champagne?—yes, you must.'

They brought the dice. I won the first ten minutes, then lost slightly—then won. All at once, as I turned to the great white mantelpiece for a lighted cigarette I had left there, I happened to look up in the glass and saw the Colonel, with a wink at the other three men, pull some dice from his waistcoat-pocket, and change them for those on the table.

'Allons,' he said, as I turned, 'some more wine for M. l'Anglais.'

'No,' I said, 'thank you. One must keep clear in the head to study chances well. But there is no luck in these dice, curse them!'

As I said this I took one, threw it under my foot, and crushed it with my heel. It was full of quicksilver. I saw the

enemies' faces change. The Colonel blustered, the old man looked like a viper, the Baron glared, Resnaux turned white with rage.

'This is an insult—do you know that?' said the bully of the gang, the Colonel, foaming up.

'We must meet again about this.'

'I never fight with swindlers,' I said, standing on the defensive.

'There is some mistake,' said the Baron, 'my dear sir, let me—.' He advanced towards me to shake hands. As I held out mine, the treacherous rascal seized it and in a moment threw his whole weight upon me. The rest crowded on—even the old man clung to my legs and urged me backward towards a narrow door I had not hitherto noticed, at the end of the apartment. Resnaux, before I could resist, gagged me with a handkerchief, the Colonel pinioned my arms, the old man held my feet, and the Baron helped to jostle me violently forward to what seemed a small dim bath-room; the bath was full of steaming water, the floor strewn with towels. I could not scream; I fought and struggled, but even though I once got them all down in a heap, I could not release myself from the gag. Were they going to murder me, to drown me, or to suffocate me? I tried to beat on the floor with my feet, to rouse some of the gamblers in the noisy room below, but the carpet was so thick and soft, that my feet made no sound that could rise above that clamour. The rapidity with which at once, without talking, they had fallen on me to drag me to the bath-room, inspired in me a horrible suspicion of previous crimes. They had exchanged no remarks except one, when the Baron said,

'Strip him—I think he is stunned. He has got the two thousand pounds in his right-hand breast-pocket. Courtney saw him put it there.'

I had shut my eyes and was remaining quiet preparing for a last desperate effort; they thought I was insensible. I felt their clutch relax as they laid me on a sofa and their four hands simultaneously rummaged my four pockets. That moment I scrambled to my feet, kicking down the Baron and felling the old man. In a moment I tore away with supernatural strength the bandage round my knees, broke loose from that which bound my arms, and drove the Colonel backwards with a tremendous crash against the door of that dreadful room. At that moment as I stood there at bay, my hair dishevelled, my eyes glaring, my hands eager for their throats, a penknife, my only weapon, drawn in my right hand—facing Resnaux, who, lithe and swift, had pulled out a stiletto and was ready to spring on me when he could find an opening. Suddenly the door at the further end of the room opened and Courtney, the young officer, ran towards me.

'No, you must do him no harm!' he said, throwing himself before me. 'We may be bad enough, but there shall be no more murder here. He has done you no harm. It was I brought him here. Raise a finger against him and I will denounce you all!'

'You will, will you?—you dare, ragamuffin!—beggar!' said the Baron. 'Remember who you are.'

'I was sure you would stand by me,' I said to Courtney, 'if you once knew that these men were thieves and murderers—they want to murder me. Help me, help! and quick, in God's name!'

Resnaux tried to rush at me, but Courtney caught him by the arm and struck the stiletto from him.

'You mistake us. Do you know who this gallant protector of yours is, Monsieur l'Anglais?' sneered the old man. 'No? then I will

tell you—he is a poor wretched vagabond whom we clothe in disguises and pay to allure rich foreigners like you, and fools from the country, to our gambling rooms. He is our tout and decoy—a brave, honest, noble, young Englishman, is he not? Ugh! he'll suffer for this, and his little wife's dinner will run short for a day or two, eh, Colonel? He'll smart for it, eh, M. Resnaux?—I rather think myself he will. Curse him! if he was only my serf, I'd throw away two hundred roubles to get him knouted for this—that would tan his white skin and finish taming him.'

'This is not true, Mr. Courtney?'—I turned to him.

Courtney hung his head and was silent.

'I am your slave and drudge,' he said to them, after a moment's silence, 'and I obey you; but this countryman of mine, who followed me here so trustfully, I tell you, shall not be injured. I'm dangerous just now—come near me, one of you, and I might use a knife dangerously. After all, Siberia is not much worse than this life.'

'Take your miserable money,' I said, throwing a handful of napoleons down upon the floor: 'scramble for it—I will not take away what has been perhaps stolen from honest people.'

'You are too hard upon us—you entirely mistake us,' blandly said the Baron rubbing his hands.

'We must have satisfaction for this insult,' foamed the Colonel.

'Curse him! let him go,' muttered the old man; 'it's lucky for the fool.'

'Give me a knife someone, and I'll cut one of his arms off,' said Resnaux.

But the gang gave way as we resolutely advanced and they left the door open for our retreat.

Another minute, I was out in

the street, breathing freer—saved, by God's mercy, from that imminent danger. Courtney pressed my hand warmly and without a word turned and sprang up the steps leading to that den of thieves.

* * *

Three days later, as I was coming out of my hotel, a beggar, wrapped in the dirtiest of sheep-skin coats, touched me on the arm. A waiter had just pointed me out to him. He handed me a letter. It was from Courtney, adjuring me to follow the bearer, who would bring me to his lodgings, on a matter of life and death: it was not safe for him to venture out. I followed the man with entire confidence through many dark dirty streets in the poorest part of St. Petersburg, and clambered at last four stories above a tailor's shop. I knocked at the door; a very mournful, ladylike woman, whose dress bespoke great poverty, opened the door. It was Courtney's wife. Courtney was there, no longer in uniform, but dressed in rags, with neglected hair, his face buried in his hands, the image of profound despair.

He at once told me his story. He was the younger son of a country gentleman in —shire. On his way home from India, on sick leave, he had fallen in love with an English girl whom he had met at Malta, and had run away with her to Alexandria, where they had married. Selling his commission, he had then gone into business, and had come out to St. Petersburg to purchase land for a cannon foundry; but his partner had cheated him and fled to America with nearly all the money collected to buy the plant. Almost in despair at this cruel blow, he yielded to temptation and gambled with his last hundred pounds. There, after some transient successes, he had gradually

fallen lower and lower into the power of the wretches from whom he had saved me. They had entangled him in debt till he was literally their slave. The very clothes I had seen him in were only given him after dark, when he had to assume the odious character of decoy.

'Oh, save me!' he said, hiding his face with his thin bony hands, 'from this life of degradation—from this living death—from this misery into which I have dragged one I love dearer than myself! Help me to fly to England, and avoid the hundred forms of death with which these men have surrounded me! Their spies watch me everywhere: they may even have seen you come here!' As he uttered these words he threw himself abjectly at my feet, as if his whole nature was degraded to that of the most hopeless and debased of slaves.

I reproached him for a despair that was unworthy of an Englishman, and promised my aid.

'Don't reproach him,' said his wife; 'he has had scarcely any food since you saw him; and hunger takes away the bravest man's courage. You will save us from this horrible sentence? John has fallen, but O how he has suffered!'

As she said this, the unhappy woman—already aged with trouble—fell on her knees beside her husband and seized my hand. I raised her and tried to comfort her.

'I dare say,' she said, 'it seems to you that we are hopelessly degraded, and fallen indeed, to bend so abjectly under these sorrows; but we are alone here, surrounded by enemies, in a foreign country; and your visit has been the only glimpse of sunshine we have yet seen. Ah! your words seem words of comfort from heaven.'

'I am acquainted with a Prince Tcherkasky, a kind, generous fel-

low,' I said, 'to whom I have letters of recommendation; he is nephew of the Minister of Police. I will interest him in the safety of your husband, and will advance money to send you both to England by the Hull steamer, that starts for England to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. We will supply you both with money and clothes fitting your station, and we will take care that the police agents guard you safely to the vessel.'

It did my heart good to see the light return to the eyes of the unhappy husband and his young wife, as they loaded me with thanks and prayed Heaven to bless me a thousand-fold for all I was about to do.

I sat down at the broken table in that miserable room, and had taken out my pocket-book to count out the money required for their passage and outfit, when there came a gentle, measured tap at the door. Courtney and his wife started and turned pale as death. I saw his hand tremble as he went and turned the handle to admit the visitor. His wife sunk into a chair.

It was the Baron, sleek, calm, bland, and smiling as ever. His portly form was compressed in an immaculately fitting frock-coat. He rubbed his hands and eyed us paternally through his beaming spectacles.

'A charming group indeed, and after the antique,' he said, in the most perfectly-pronounced French. 'Benevolence comforting Poverty and Despair. As I expected, the English monsieur is advancing money to help his two amiable protégées to escape his too credulous creditors. Just so. Eh bien! all I say is Benevolence must sadly need protégées to look for them among people like this.'

'I warn you,' I said, my blood

heated at the coolness of the heartless scoundrel, 'not to interfere in this matter.'

'Oh! we have quite done with the poor devil, believe me, mon cher monsieur,' replied the baron. 'He has served our turn; but let me as a friend, in spite of that slight misunderstanding of yesterday'—(this slight misunderstanding was the attempt to murder me)—'warn you not to trust that misguided young man with money, for such is his insatiable tendency to gamble, he is sure to lose it all in two hours.'

'Wretch!' gasped Courtney, 'it was you lured me to all my misery.'

'But let me tell you one thing,' said the baron, 'that if your protégé does not leave St. Petersburg within three days from this time it will be bad for his health; voila. I will no longer intrude on so pleasant a family circle. Bon jour, Monsieur Anglais. But one hour after midnight of the third day and he will meet with disagreeables, mind.'

We breathed freer when the door closed on that detestable man.

'That,' said Courtney, 'is the chief of the gang that ruined and enslaved me. Smooth and oily as he seems, he is one of the most crafty, rapacious, and unrelenting of men. Carrefoix is the money-lender, the Colonel the blusterer to frighten timid men, Resnaux the duellist to fight the resolute.' Though cardsharps and swindlers, they had never before, he assured me, to his knowledge, attempted any more desperate crime, but in my case he suspected a prearranged plot, which they had of course kept secret from him.

* * * *

I had seen the poor fellow and his wife on board the English steamer that started early in the morning, and was on my way to a masquerade at Prince Tcherkasky's. It was nearly one o'clock A.M. when

I got there. It was a picturesque scene in the courtyard of the palace, where (the nights being still cold) a huge fire was blazing for the coachmen and servants to warm themselves. Coloured by the crimson light, maskers in the costumes of all ages and countries were passing up the great steps—shepherds and queens, knights and jesters, Francis the First courtiers and nuns, Tartar chiefs and Grecian goddesses, cavaliers and hermits, ancient Greeks and Venetian ladies, harlequins and abbots, Pierrots and duennas. Every moment from fresh carriages poured fresh clusters of anomalous personages, all laughing and chattering in a dozen different languages, while from within the palace came the clash and clang of music.

The prince and princess greeted me as I entered, congratulating me on the entire success of my plan for saving the poor young Englishman.

In the interval between the first and second dance I was introduced by Tcherkasky to his uncle the Minister of Police, a very grim, sardonic, and Rhadamanthine personage in antique uniform, who seemed to regard the whole world with suspicion and me with considerable distrust.

'How do you like our cracked column and the room where Peter the Great was murdered—the chief sights of our capital?' were his first words to me. This sarcasm was a rash one I myself had made to a friend only two days after landing.

I turned off the observation by telling the keen-eared minister the story of the gambling club.

'I have long had my eye on it,' he said, 'it belongs to a gang with branches in all the great European capitals. They change about, and it is hard to fix one's claws on them. It is well that

young man left, and you, monsieur, too, had a narrow escape.'

I quite agreed with him. I was resting after a dance, chatting to the Princess Tcherkasky, when the arrival of some singular masks produced a sensation in the room. A richly-gilt palanquin, hung with crimson Chinese silk, entered, borne by four mandarins. They wore robes of flounced silk and paced with great gravity, the peacock-feathers in their oddly-shaped caps nodding as they walked. They did not utter a word, but setting down the palanquin in the corner of the ball-room, stood by it, first drawing aside the silk curtains that hid their master. The occupier of the palanquin, who wore a mask, and was dressed as a Chinese emperor, sat there propped up with cloth of gold cushions, perfectly unmoved by all that passed around him. The Chinese masqueraders were soon forgotten, and the dancing went on. To our surprise, at the end of the fourth dance the palanquin was still there but the bearers were gone. The dancers began to crowd round the palanquin to interrogate the mute and imperturbable emperor, to tease him with banter or to prevail on him to dance. As we crowded some one stumbled forward against the palanquin. To my horror the silent Chinese figure inside it fell motionless upon its side and remained there. I sprang forward and lifted it—it was a corpse!

I tore off the mask and saw to my indescribable horror a face that I at once recognised as Courtney's. However they had killed him he had died calmly. Unhappy man! he must have returned to shore after midnight, and after I left been decoyed by spies in waiting to some gambling-house and there murdered. From the unhappy wife I afterwards

ascertained that the supposed murderers had handed him a letter as if from me, and written in a handwriting resembling mine. The bringing the body to the ball must have been a prearranged plan to mock me in sight of the Minister of Police.

There was a terrible scene of consternation when the fact became partially known, but, the palanquin and body removed, the dancing was renewed. The matter was hushed up as much as possible, and the waves of gaiety soon closed over the horror. Neither

the Baron nor his confederates were ever again seen in St. Petersburg, nor, as far as I know, did justice ever overtake them for this cruel and daring crime. The wife of the unhappy man was sent back by the Prince and myself to her family in Malta, who received her kindly.

The surgeon called in to see the body gave it as his opinion that poor Courtney had first been chloroformed, then suffocated in a vapour bath—was it, I thought, in that horrid room toward which they had dragged me?

HER OPINION OF HURLINGHAM.

AND this was Willy's brief despatch,
A curt, and yet a cordial summons ;—
“ Do come, I'm in to-morrow's match,
And see us whip the faithful Commons.”
I trundled out behind the bays,
Thro' miles and miles of brick and garden ;
Mamma was drest in mauve and maize,—
Of course I wore my *Dolly-Varden*.

A charming scene, and lively too,
The paddock's full, the band is playing
Bouliotte's song in *Barbe bleue* ;
And what are all these people saying ?
They flirt, they bet. There's Linda Reeves
Too lovely. I'd give worlds to borrow
Her yellow rose with russet leaves—
I'll wear a yellow rose to-morrow.

I'm rather bored with ‘handicaps,’
‘Bluerocks,’ (they always are ‘bluerock’-ing)
With ‘Boss’ guns, and ‘Baker’s traps ;’
And yon Faust’s teufelshund is shocking.
Bang . . . bang ! That’s Willy. There’s his bird,
It blythely cleaves the skies above me :—
He’s miss’d all ten ! He’s too absurd !
I hope he’ll always, always love me.

We’ve lost ! To tea. Then back to town—
The ring is flirting, eating, drinking :
The moon’s eternal eyes look down,
Of what, I wonder, is she thinking ?
O, but for some good fairy’s wand,—
This pigeoncide is more than silly,
But still I’m very, very fond
Of Hurlingham, and tea, and Willy.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

NOTES ON CLUBS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE present age has been called the age of a great many things, and might be described by a less appropriate name than that of the Age of Clubs. These great social institutions have increased, are increasing, and have not the smallest chance of being diminished.

In London alone there are clubs—having houses and establishments of their own—where the members of every profession, or professional calling, are represented either exclusively or by the majority of the members. There are clubs that are essentially political, and clubs that are essentially social; clubs whose speciality is sport or play; and clubs so mixed that their speciality is nothing at all. There are clubs where young men predominate, and clubs where fogeys most abound. There are clubs, in fact, of infinite variety, where service men, clergymen, lawyers, authors, journalists, artists, actors, commercial men, busy men of most kinds and idle men of most kinds, will find themselves among their fellows. And in the principal cities and towns throughout the three kingdoms there are establishments of a similar nature, some of them on a thoroughly London scale.

In our colonies and dependencies it is the same. Wherever the British flag is flying is to be found the British club. No place is too remote for the purpose. The man about Asia is accommodated equally with the man about town. I know of one club—none pleasanter in the world—which is situated in the Himalaya mountains, six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It includes every feature of a London club,

and something more. It will supply you with any refreshment you want, from a grand dinner to a glass of dry sherry; it will give you billiards in a monster room teeming with tables; it will also afford you private apartments with beds, when they do not happen to be engaged, and stabling for your horses under similar conditions. I here allude to the Himalaya Club, at Mussoorie; and there is also the Simla Club, which is perhaps better known. At each of the presidency towns in India clubs come as matters of course. In Calcutta there have for many years been two, the United Service—usually called the Military—and the Bengal, and I believe that a third has since been added. At Bombay there is the Byculla, and I think another. The Madras Club is perhaps the most popular of all, and is especially appreciated by strangers *en route*, to whom its rules are most hospitably liberal.

The Indian clubs are not quite like those of Pall Mall, but they are equally luxurious. Great verandas and green blinds outside—punkahs and sable servants inside—do not sound very club-like; but they represent comfort and enjoyment to any extent, and sociality as a matter of course; for the members are all, more or less, upon intimate terms, or may become so if they please. The clubs in the hills are especially jovial places, and cast off the social atmosphere of St. James's with great success. Nothing can be more exhilarating than to see the members dashing up to dinner, through precipitous paths, on horses or rough ponies—except the manner in which they dash down again after their whisk or

their billiards, when their steeds have made up their minds—it is high time to be at home.

At the principal stations 'up-country,' in the Plains, clubs are common in these days, and they are a welcome resource for many men who used to be dependent upon military messes.

There is a strong Indian element in the Union Club at Malta, which is sufficiently hospitable in its arrangements as regards travellers. Duly introduced, the committee will take you in as an honorary member for a week; and after that you may be provided for on a monthly tenure. If ever you make a stay at Malta—and you may do worse in your wanderings—belong to the Union Club.

The Melbourne Club and the Sydney Club are thoroughly Pall-Mallian places, and delight in 'drawing the line,' as regards membership between the curious social degrees that are represented in those rising capitals. The Sydney Club drew it a little too 'hard and fast' in their treatment of a gentleman from Melbourne a few years ago. The gentleman from Melbourne had been called upon by his professional duty, as a barrister, to defend the man who shot at the Duke of Edinburgh; and the committee of the Sydney Club considered him ineligible, in consequence, as an honorary member. There was but one opinion out of doors upon this piece of vulgarity; and the Duke—in the true spirit of a gentleman—endorsed it by distinguishing the slighted candidate by the most marked social attentions.

Under foreign flags English travellers are beginning to demand their clubs. A large class are not content to wander away from Pall Mall; they must take Pall Mall with them. It is true that they have plenty of hotels, kuraals,

casinos, établissements, and institutions of the kind, to say nothing of 'cercles' where they may be admitted honorary visitors during their stay—places in which they may study local manners, mix with local people, and cultivate local tongues. But that, they say, is 'not the sort of thing they want.' They want some place where they may meet the same sort of people they meet at home without any of the local element. They want a place where they can 'get things done for them in their own way and without any foreign nonsense.' They want, in short,—the club.

They have not yet achieved their wants—as far as the Continent is concerned—on any considerable scale. Galignani supplies them in Paris with the department known as a 'morning room.' But a club that is all morning room must be rather a dull affair; and even Paris has not as yet given them anything better. Some time since a project for establishing branches of some of the London clubs in foreign capitals met with some favour; but it does not appear that measures have been taken to carry it out. In Paris of all other places one would suppose—apart from present unhappy circumstances—that an institution of the kind would receive support; but the idea of a Travellers' Club in that city, when set on foot some years since, did not seem to take. It may be that the public attractions of Paris are opposed to private gatherings on a large scale. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the great colony of English are left more to their own resources, there are two English clubs; but they are very limited in their range, as well as their accommodation, are intended only for whist and billiards, and in the season have no chance against the Établissement, where

balls and bathing are among the additional diversions. An attempt has been made at another French watering-place to form a regular club, the spot selected being Trouville; but as yet the project seems to be in abeyance. Here, if a sea-side club in France has any chance at all, it should have a good one. Places are very like persons as regards the estimation in which they are held. You like some because they dazzle and distract you; others, because they have society claims, and the intercourse is supposed to do you good; and to a third class you accord merited respect but do not care to visit them too often. But there are places as there are persons with which you simply fall in love; and this charm belongs to Trouville. Not only travellers but residents of the place are what is called ‘spooney’ upon this gem of the Norman coast. Calais they tolerate as incidental to the process of arrival or departure on their way elsewhere, for few people have ever been known to stay at Calais as free agents: people who do, you may depend upon it, have some sinister object in view, and mean no good. Dieppe they regard with the considerate indulgence due to a certain cold hospitality during the season, and dull respectability for the rest of the year. Boulogne they like for some pleasant characteristics; but it is the regard that they have for a *bon camarade* whom they have almost used up. Other places have other qualifications; but the stream of popularity has for some years been settling towards Trouville. Yet even here a club is not as yet an accomplished fact. The war will of course retard the establishment of such associations in France; and in other parts of the Continent there does not appear to be any English *rénunion* entitled to

the name of a club. There is an English club in Rome, but it has not a house of its own; and is a class affair—connected with the Hunt.

For the present, therefore, the confirmed Pall-Mallian must be content with the clubs that he can find at home, or in our colonies and dependencies. In England the supply is enormous, but apparently not enough. English clubs are far from being confined to London: Liverpool, Manchester—all our great cities and towns—have their local clubs, though some of these take the form of ‘Athenaeums,’ and are not quite clubs in their social aspect. It is of course in London that the club flourishes in all its luxuriance; and the London club as it exists is the growth of the present century. The old coffee-houses and chocolate-houses—Wills’s, Button’s, the Cocoa Tree, and the rest of them—were taverns; White’s, Brookes’s, Boodle’s, had a tavern foundation, as proprietary clubs, like Crockford’s, which has long since passed out of being. White’s, indeed, was established as a chocolate house so early as 1698, and was started as a club by a man named Arthur (nothing seems to be known of White), who afterwards founded the club bearing his name. Clubs on the joint-stock system are of comparatively recent origin; but the system has flourished, and produces at least the project of a new club every few months.

The old clubs are all overcrowded with candidates. At some it is facetiously said, ‘a man’ must be ‘put down’ as soon as he is born if he desires to be ‘put up’ by the time he comes of age—and here I allude to the popular clubs, apart from such places as White’s and Brookes’s. Political clubs are comparatively easy of access for a politician—

and no man who ought to be in the Carlton or the Reform is likely to be kept out. But the Athenaeum is more difficult: bishops appear to have a propensity for black-balling; and the 'Travellers' is perhaps the most exclusive club in London. The original qualification for the latter—that a candidate must have travelled a certain number of miles out of England—would in these days include most of Cook's excursionists; but the rule, I suppose, has been altered 'to meet the times,' as the advertising tailors say. For the 'Travellers' keep to a small number, and never admit a man without considerable social or other distinction.

The service clubs are also greatly crowded. The Senior United could not accommodate the rush of candidates, so the Junior was started. Then came the Army and Navy; that was not sufficient, and the Naval and Military appeared in the field. The Militia and Yeomanry and the British Service have succeeded, and now we hear of a Junior Army and Navy, and a Junior Naval and Military as auxiliaries. It is notable, by-the-way, how the character of the service clubs has changed in the course of years. The Senior is becoming more senior, and the Junior considerably less junior every day. This is necessarily the case with clubs where the period of candidature is so long as to forbid an influx of young men. Yet the Senior considers the Junior as still juvenile, just as the old friends whom you have known in your youth can never realize the idea that you arrive, in the natural progress of things, to 'years of discretion,' and considerably in advance even of those. Even the servants take their tone from the tone of the family, as servants always do. A

General Officer of my acquaintance, who is a member of the Senior, but has been abroad so long as to be forgotten by the attendants, not long since entered his club, and, with an agile exuberance which is happily still his characteristic, proceeded to march up stairs at 'the double,' taking two steps at a time. On the first landing he was stopped by a waiter, who said, 'Excuse me, sir, but this is the Senior United Service, not the Junior.' They are not accustomed to such athletic performances at the older establishment.

The United Service Club, called the Senior only colloquially, was the first of the great clubs established in London. It was founded after the conclusion of the French war, when so many officers were left idle in town, and wanted a place of public resort. Before its establishment the open ground belonging to the Horse Guards was the common afternoon resort of military men. The 'Travellers' was originated after the peace of 1814, when London was full of distinguished foreigners, and was originally suggested by Lord Castle-reagh, for their accommodation. The Athenaeum followed in 1823, and Faraday acted for a short time as its honorary secretary. The Carlton, set on foot by the Duke of Wellington, and his political followers, did not come into existence until 1831. It was of course intended as a rival to the Reform, which had been started in the preceding year by Edward Ellice, Henry Warburton, and Joseph Hume. The Junior Carlton is only a few years old, but it ranks among the first-class clubs. The Carlton is also represented at the East end of town, the City Carlton having the reputation of an excellent club. Nearly all the great clubs have their juniors in these days. The Junior Reform,

set up by the friends of the 'Reform League,' proved a failure; but the Junior Athenaeum flourishes, as does also, I believe, the Junior Garrick. The Universities are well represented in clubs, the latest additions being the New University and the Allied Universities.

There are several clubs representing Literature and Art besides the Athenaeum and the Garrick. The Athenaeum, indeed, is far from being a literary club in a professional sense; and the Garrick, which should have, of course, a more especial relation to the stage, has become so changed in its character that the few actors and authors who belong to it may be considered lost among the miscellaneous members. The majority of its members are readers rather than writers, and are attached to the stage in front of the curtain rather than behind it. The Arts Club—one of the most sociable and pleasant clubs in London, albeit on an economic scale—has a broad foundation of professional writers and artists; but the qualification is not of a strictly professional kind; there is a considerable mingling of amateurs and of a class that might be called 'admirers.' The Arundel, noted for its late hours, is also a professional club, but other elements are not excluded. The Junior Garrick is on a similar footing. The most exclusive association of the kind is the Whitefriars Club, which is principally composed of journalists.

Literary clubs, of a character approaching to exclusiveness, have always been found difficult either to form or maintain. In the Museum Club, which was in existence about twenty years ago, literature and art had things nearly all their own way; but the members of those professions could not, somehow, agree among themselves. A notable quarrel between Douglas

Jerrold and Albert Smith divided the club, like Gaul of old, into three parts or parties—that is to say, the supporters of the respective sides, and the neutrals, who wished both the others at the bottom of the sea. It was a pity; for the club was a very pleasant one, and included among its members the most popular writers and artists of the day. Among the former was Thackeray. The club, by-the-way, was called the Museum because it was intended to be in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; whereas, for the greater part of its three-years' existence, it occupied a house in Henrietta Street.

But professional clubs, except as far as the services are concerned, are not generally found to flourish. The Inns of Court Club, for the members of the bar, was launched a few years ago, but could not be made to float for long; and the handsome house in Holborn, built for its accommodation, was subsequently turned into an hotel. The Clergy Club, founded at about the same time, also proved a failure notwithstanding some attractive features in its plan, which included sleeping rooms and suites of apartments for country clergymen, their wives and families, during their visits to town. Lawyers and literary men appear to prefer, as a rule, belonging to mixed clubs—and they are certainly well represented in St. James's Street and Pall Mall—while clergymen find their natural home at the University clubs, and are to be met with in some force at the Union, in Trafalgar Square.

The Imperial Club, which has existed for the last year or two in Chancery Lane, is an example of a legal club which appears to be a success; but it is of more modest pretensions than the Inns of Court Club, and includes solicitors in its

scheme. It seems to be especially popular for luncheon, and thus supplies a want long felt in the neighbourhood. It could not be better situated for the convenience of either branch of the profession—between Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Temple—and the advantage will be increased when the new Courts of Law are completed.

The Whitehall Club, in Parliament Street, which is understood to be a great success, includes a large number of barristers and solicitors among its members; but there is nothing like a professional qualification here. The idea was to provide a club mainly for the accommodation of men having business of one kind or another in the courts and the Parliamentary Committees; and these include, of course, many Parliamentary agents and engineers. It answers its purpose admirably. The Cavendish Club, near Cavendish Square, is a small establishment, but is known as a very pleasant resort. Its members include many medical men—some of the most eminent of the time. The Westminster Club, which is not in Westminster, as popularly so called, being in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, has a handsome house, and is equal to some of the best clubs in London; but the qualification is far more open, the majority of members being men of business at the West-end.

The Whittington Club is peculiar, and cannot be dismissed quite so briefly. It was founded many years ago by Douglas Jerrold; and its establishment was not the least of the services which he rendered, by his personal influence as well as his pen, to the humbler classes of the community. It was especially intended for the accommodation and association of commercial clerks and assistants; and

it provided, as it still provides, for many requirements besides those of dining, lunching, lounging, and reading the papers. 'Classes' are there held for branches of education not usually included in the commercial curriculum; and lectures upon educational and other subjects were also made part of the programme. The founder and first president also introduced an innovation in which he practically proved himself far in advance—as regards time, at any rate—of Mr. Stuart Mill. He included ladies in the list of members; and the Whittington still enjoys the distinction of being alone among clubs in making this chivalrous concession to the opposite sex. The idea proved popular, and the lady-members are still, I believe, a most important element in the constituency of the club. The presence of ladies led to special arrangements for their gratification; and periodical balls became a regular institution at the Whittington. So many attractions, indeed, were provided, that many persons of a class superior to those for whom the institution was originally intended swelled the list of its members, and the mingling was found to be most harmonious in its results. The Whittington still flourishes upon its old footing and in its old house—enlarged premises upon the site of the long since defunct Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand.

There are other clubs, by-the-way, of more recent establishment, of a distinctive kind. Prince's Club is devoted to the practice of athletic sports; and the Gymnastic Club, of which the Prince of Wales was one of the founders, has necessarily a similar character. Clubs like the Gun Club and the Hurlingham are of course of a different class; but the principal yachting clubs have

establishments of their own, and do much of their sociability on shore.

In London there are many examples of a class of clubs composed of small circles of men who meet together for *symposia* at periodical intervals—once or twice a week, or once a month, as the case may be—clubs, in fact, like the Literary Club in Dr. Johnson's time—the earliest notable instance of a similar association. The Cosmopolitan, which is of this nature, meets on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Its members include some of the most distinguished men of the day. The Cosmopolitan Club has rooms of its own; but most circles of the kind hold their meetings at hotels. Years ago there was a club of 'Shakspearians,' held at a tavern in Covent Garden, and called 'The Mulberry Club,' and another, which arose out of it, called 'The Shakspeare.' It was a feature at the gatherings of both these societies that the members should contribute songs and other literary pieces upon Shakspearian subjects, to an album kept for the purpose. Years ago, a knot of 'men of wit and pleasure about town,' of whom Thackeray might be considered the centre, used to meet in a room at the then celebrated tavern called the 'Cyder Cellars,'—emerging from their exclusiveness when 'so disposed,' to hear the songs in the public room; and it was owing to this association with the plan that Thackeray was led to make the protest—through Colonel Newcome—which led to the abandonment of a certain objectionable class of songs which used to be popular in establishments of the kind. Out of the Cyder Cellars Club—or 'C.C.C.' as it was usually called—arose the 'Fielding,' which had its premises at Evans's—still known as 'Faddy Green's.' The Fielding flourished for several years, but

eventually broke up, as friendly associations usually do, through some of the members not being friendly enough. There was a curious observance at the Fielding; each member had a panel on the wall painted with a particular device of his own choosing, like the escutcheons in the halls of the Inns of Court. The club was celebrated in its time as a resort of some of 'the best of all good company' in London. Some years ago there was a club called the 'Sheridan' held at the same house, for the purpose of a dinner once a week. But the Sheridan went the way of other convivial societies, for reasons analogous to those which had broken up the Fielding.

The Savage is a club of the same class; though subject to several changes, it has always had permanent premises at an hotel, for the use of members every day. It was founded fifteen or sixteen years ago mainly by Frank Talfourd and Robert Brough. Its home for some time past has been at the Gordon Hotel, under what is perversely called the 'Piazza' in Covent Garden; and the last new fact concerning it is that it is undergoing a process of reorganization. A few doors off, at Clunn's, a society called 'Our Club' meet once a week to dine together. 'Our Club' was founded by Douglas Jerrold, and arose from another, of which he also was the parent, called 'The Hooks and Eyes.'

There are some smaller gatherings of the kind in the neighbourhood of the Temple—notably the 'Ramblers'—and more than one whose members are mostly more or less full-fledged barristers, whose object is debate. A club of this kind, which had its quarters at the Craven Hotel, had considerable distinction in its time under the name of the 'Eclectic.'

As a growing feature of London life, the district clubs should not be forgotten. This 'little village' has become so large that many men find a mere West-end club no longer sufficient for their needs. They may belong to half a dozen, but may have no time to visit them as a habit. They are busy perhaps until four or five o'clock in the day, or even later, and find that if they dine at home the most they can do is to look in at one of these haunts on their way. They live, probably, as so many men do in these days, at some few miles distance, and do not relish an evening journey back to town. So, as they cannot go out to the clubs, the clubs have been brought home to them—as near to their hearths as may be. The existence of these local clubs dates from about the beginning of the local newspapers and the Metropolitan Railway, which has sent so many people to live in the suburbs. They are established in most of the principal districts round town. There is one for Tyburnia; there is—or was—one for Bayswater; there was one projected for Notting Hill some time ago; there is, I believe, one for Kensington. They promise to become popular both among fathers and sons, the latter especially, who find them a convenient compromise between spending the evening out and spending the evening at home. If not actually in the family drawing-room, they are at least near the shade of the family fig-tree, and are able to give a respectable account of their time. The local, in fact, promise to supply a local want—notably in the way of billiards—and bid fair to flourish accordingly.

Among the new clubs of a first class which have established a success, is the Thatched House Club, in St. James's Street, which has a handsome house upon the site of

the famous Thatched House Tavern. It was originally called the Civil Service Club; but the Civil Service was found, it may be supposed, to include too mixed a body for clubbable purposes. The great men of the Civil Service joined it at first; but they are supposed to have objected to the introduction of the large number of small men necessary for the sake of numbers, and by way of getting over the difficulty, a certain proportion of non-service men were invited to co-operate. A little rivalry was the result; and eventually it was determined to drop the distinctive name, and assume the pleasant convivial appellation by which the club is now known. There was a little falling off, in consequence, of Civil Service members; but the old foundation remains strong, and the mingling is, I believe, found generally advantageous. The Thatched House is in excellent social repute, and is understood to be flourishing.

The St. James's Club includes many members of the Civil Service, chiefly the diplomatic. All Foreign Office men are admissible without ballot; the same privilege being extended to foreign members of the Corps Diplomatique. The club, in fact, is a Junior Travellers', and was formed, at the suggestion of Lord Granville, to provide for the surplus candidates for the older institution.

The Raleigh Club is of a different character—sporting, and rather late in its hours. Among Service clubs I have omitted to mention the East India United Service. This, as may be supposed, includes many members of the other service clubs; but its speciality makes it a favourite resort of the Indians; and No. 14 St. James's Square is remembered as a home in London by many hundreds of our countrymen who are

doing service—civil and military—in the East, and waiting with Eastern patience for their period of leave, which will bring them once more the glorious liberty of London. No. 14 is a highly popular club, and in this respect has superseded the Oriental, which is not limited to the services, but is Indian to the backbone.

I have not attempted to name all, even of the principal clubs of London, in the above brief notes. But there is a curious point, suggested by their number, which it is well to notice. There are, as every London man knows, an enormous collective number of candidates for membership of clubs. All the best clubs have certainly large lists; and a considerable proportion of the men composing them would be willing, one would suppose, to go elsewhere, if good opportunities presented themselves. There are also a large number of other persons who are looking out for clubs, and are probably eligible for admission to most places of the kind. But it is also a fact that new clubs are continually being started, and that nine out of ten of the number have but a short life.

They are not properly supported, is the natural supposition. If not, why not? The fault evidently does not lie with the demand—it must be connected with the mode of supply.

The beginning is always difficult—in the case of a club as in other things. The majority of new schemes of the kind appear to be started by gentlemen of joint stock ideas, who have an eye, in the first place, to their own pecuniary emolument. A man seeks to obtain a round sum of money as a promoter, or the position of secretary, which he may retain or dispose of for a consideration. In concert, perhaps,

with a speculative solicitor, he sets to work to establish a connexion for the purpose. He is known, or has introductions to a sufficient number of sufficiently good 'names' to look plausible on a committee list. 'Names' of a certain kind are not difficult to get; but it too frequently happens that their owners are more plausible than potential; have no money to put in, and, on the contrary, require gratuitous shares. There is always, too, a floating population of men-about-town, having no home in clubland, who are available as members with peculiar advantages, on the condition of giving in their adhesion before a certain day. A few of these will probably take shares; but as a general rule they provide very little towards the sinews of war, which, it is understood, must be derived from the later comers. By dint of much canvassing, and the credit of the 'names' on the direction, the company succeeds in procuring at least a temporary house, with an upholsterer, a wine merchant, and other necessary requirements to begin operations. Accommodation being thus provided, more members come in, and, the elections being vested in the committee, whose object is to swell the number, the right of exclusion is not very rigidly exercised. So the club goes on for a time, with an apparently fair prospect of success. A new club, with nobody but new members, is rather a dismal place; but men use it nevertheless. They dine and drop in, and lounge elaborately, and persuade themselves that they are getting a great deal out of their subscriptions, and realizing the glories of club life in a triumphant manner. They never talk, when in it, of anything but the club—this is an unfailing sign of novelty—and, to say the truth, settle down very uneasily in their

unaccustomed quarters. Meanwhile the promoter has received a handsome sum for his services, and the secretary—if he be not the same person—has been assigned a handsome salary. The upholsterer and the wine merchant have also managed to make arrangements securing to themselves about as much again as their ordinary rate of profits. Everything, in fact—through giving particular persons the right of supplying the club, instead of obtaining supplies at market rates—is paid for on a very extravagant scale. The consequence is that the club, though apparently well supported, gets into debt; and in trying to get out of it, gets into debt still more deeply. The result is sooner or later a collapse: a few men are found to have made money; the great body of shareholders and members are found to have lost their investments and their subscriptions.

Club speculations are liable to abuses of the kind, whether they are formed upon limited liability principles or not. Sometimes the upholsterer, the wine merchant, and a few other persons concerned, speculate directly on their own account; and nothing could be better than such an arrangement if the club were managed with the economy of the co-operative associations. But this is never the case: as a general rule, the expenditure is conducted in a careless and wasteful manner, and there is no thought of applying for the benefit of the general body the precautions which govern the private transactions of prudent men.

I am far from saying that all new speculations of the kind are got up in this way; but many are, and in some cases the interests of the shareholders are wilfully and wantonly sacrificed for the profit

of the speculators. But even where the proceedings are of a *bond fide* character, there is one course which nearly always operates to make success difficult if not impossible. It seems out of the question, in these days, to make a club attractive without fitting up the house and conducting all the arrangements with a degree of luxury which is compatible only with a far larger capital than is usually at command. It seems to be taken for granted that men of the simplest tastes and habits, as far as they are individually concerned, cannot combine into a club without an amount of ostentation to which the majority are quite unaccustomed elsewhere. One club, it seems, must do as another club does, for fear of appearing ‘bad form.’ To many men all this is simply a bore; but there are many others—and these are not usually the most wealthy or socially important—who insist upon the most lavish display. The consequence is what we see—the extreme difficulty of successfully establishing a club, without such an enormous number of members as must, under ordinary conditions, destroy its social exclusiveness. The subscriptions to most clubs are by no means low, and with the entrance fees, should be sufficient for the proper accommodation of even a moderate number of men. But, according to the scale insisted upon, every member using the club requires a dozen or so of members who do not use it, to pay for his privileges. The advantage of a large club is that this assistance is obtained. A large club is—to parody an old aphorism—the payment of many for the gain of a few. Of the many hundreds of members who subscribe, how few are habitually seen in the place! And if a much larger number resorted to it more often than they do, the

largest house could not accommodate them in particular departments. They could find room on the premises, no doubt; but fancy them all wanting the newspapers in the afternoon, or all wishing to dine at the proper hour for dinner!

The members of the large clubs are brought together by conditions which do not attach to the small—to the majority of the latter, at any rate. They represent, it may be, a political party, a service connection, or a social order of a superior grade. Hundreds of men court the nominal association, who may not care for much more. But most new clubs are started in the cause of persons who for the most part intend to be practical participants; and the number of members that they can command—compatibly with a decent amount of exclusiveness—can scarcely be expected to warrant the luxurious arrangements which seem to be considered matters of course. There are a few more modest clubs, like the Grafton, but I am not prepared to declare their statistics. The County Club, however, which has been lately reorganised, in Albemarle Street, may be noted as supplying the best kind of accommodation at a comparatively moderate cost. It is on the proprietary system, and under excellent management. As a general rule, it may be considered

certain that management by a committee—as far as the household affairs are concerned—is the most expensive form of government for a club. It is impossible to control the executive in details. The best manager is sure to be a man who is managing for himself—who is conducting the concern upon his own responsibility, as he would conduct a tavern—and upon economical grounds generally the proprietary system seems to be the best. I am not aware upon what system many of the failures of late years have been conducted; but, considering the number of eligible candidates who are always found out in the cold for want of clubs, it is presumable that there must have been some fault in the management of these enterprises. During the last ten or fifteen years the number of clubs which have perished has been considerably greater than one could count upon the usual number of fingers. The Erechtheum and the Parthenon once seemed to flourish; but they departed; and so did the Free Trade, which was a kind of Junior Reform. In later days we have seen the starting of the Argus, the St. George, the Gryphon, the New Reform, the Clergy, and several others. All seemed to have more or less prospect of success; and where are they now?—Where are the snows of yester-year?

THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF PARIS.

I REGRET to say that it is not a pleasant view; and, indeed, instead of there being some spots on the horizon, I see nothing but masses of thunder-bearing, storm-promising clouds: just as you see when we have too long had a gandy, glittering summer. Paris, dull, and in family mourning, too, seems as much out of place as the family fool at a funeral. Black upon Paris is false heraldry. Paris should always be garbed in motley and amuse us. And what a nice place it was! I have known it intimately for many years, and I think we were always pleased to meet—at least Paris so seemed to me; and I am sure I was always glad to see Lutetia—that much-worshipped goddess of boulevards. I sometimes think the dear city was more amusing in the good old coaching, or, rather, diligence days, than it is now, or, ay dear me! I fear I must say *was*. It must be several years since I first came to Paris; for I remember seeing Lord Brougham and Vaux as brisk as a boy at Meurice's; and I really think that, all things considered, there was more to study and to stare at—I do not say admire (that was reserved for the Empire) than in late years. In the first place, going from London to Paris was travelling: once at Calais or Boulogne, you saw a contrast in everything; and if you did not admire the finished education which permitted even the smallest children to chatter French quite fluently, yet you saw enough change to prove you were abroad. Why, the very fishwomen at Boulogne were a wonder and a study! Apropos, an English clergyman of my acquaintance stronger in dead than

living languages, and desiring to comfort himself after several hours of the malady of the sea—which, as her lady's maid once remarked to a friend of mine, ‘Must, I think, be caused by the motion of the vessel.’ ‘Yes, ma'am’—in the consumption of a broiled whiting, unfortunately, caused a great scandal at the Hôtel de Bains, by insisting on ordering ‘Une poissarde avec le scraper.’ Luckily, we kept this perfectly innocent indiscretion, this clerical error, from the bishop of his diocese. Everything was so fresh. How good the dinner was, and the salad, and the light claret! I wonder if they *were* good! And then, really! twenty hours in a diligence full of fish was rather fun than otherwise. Travelling all through the night, too, was diversion; and the grey horses fought and screamed, and the women in charge of them talked and laughed. How glad we were, too, in spite of the delights of a tight diligence, to reach the last resting-place of royalty, as that was getting near our own! I often wonder where those great Caillard-Laffitte diligences really went to, and how they got into the courtyard. I fancy we were shot out somewhere near the Rue Jean-Jacques-Rousseau, the most difficult street in Paris to find by daylight. I have dodged it in the dark and made the Post-office by night.

The view out of your windows in the Rue de Rivoli, let us say about May, when the horse-chestnuts were in bloom, was very nice, when you awoke in the morning, as you did in those days, to the inevitable tramp and drums of soldiery. Then the soldiers were so small, and the ‘citizens’ looking at them so fat, that you in-

hailed amusement even before you attempted to polish—I will not say wash—yourself, by means of a pie-dish, a napkin, a looking-glass, gorgeous, but hung exactly in the wrong and cross-light. Altogether, it was clear that you were out of your own country and were inspecting the men and manners of other cities. Then you had a breakfast like a dinner; went out and got handsomely splashed in the gutters of the ill-paved streets, dined at the Hôtel des Princes, or the Maison Dorée, both great institutions in those days, and both gaudy with gold, glass, and other Parisian glories—including that piano! Ah! how old it is now. What pretty dances it has played, and how hoarse it is from sitting up to all sorts of hours! Then, a theatre; and then, if digestion permitted, a little supper. But the truth is, when I first remember Paris it was, for strangers at least, an early place. ‘Play’ had just been stopped, the streets were vilely lighted, and some of them not too secure.

Of late years, Paris and London have been in many respects very similar; indeed, the tendency of steam, electricity, and the most wise study of living tongues is to make one country just like another. It got to a ludicrous pitch at last, as far as the capitals of France and England were concerned. You could breakfast in the Boulevards and stroll down Rotten Row before dinner; or, if you were a good sleeper, might dine at the ‘Travellers’ and awake in the ‘Gare du Nord.’

The men who nodded to you, as they diligently did nothing, yesterday, in St. James’ Street, nodded to you to-day from the balcony of the Jockey Club. All the clothes were London-made; the conversation quite as English as at ‘Long’s.’ The horses which ran in England

on Tuesday were coming over to run in France on Sunday; and indeed so rapid and so international was our intercourse, that I am sure one noble duke must have been, if asked suddenly during the height of the season, puzzled to say in which city he was taking his ‘dix minutes d’arrêt.’ This was all very well in its way; but going to Paris or to London was not travelling: it was only a drive. But it is true that this only affected visitors of the ‘return-ticket’ order. These rapid evolutions did not much affect society. During the season a few London beauties flashed across the saloons of Paris, badly-dressed, with a few exceptions, I admit,—but looking so pleasant, fresh and charming, that they fairly did, in one or two nights, that which has lately taken many weeks, nay, months, to accomplish—took Paris by storm. But it is long since there was much really good resident English society in Paris. High prices and the prolonged delights of country-houses, field sports, and London seasons, were the causes of their foreign visitors falling off. Yet Paris was extremely pleasant. You were so perfectly independent in it. If you wanted to know everybody, you went into society; if you wanted to know nobody, you went to the theatre; if you desired to know only a few people, you did that; and nobody took the slightest notice of your social shortcomings. Again, if you liked to reside ‘au premier,’ and keep carriage, horses, and servants, it was all right—nobody cried. If you preferred two hundred steps, ‘au cinquième,’ to wait on yourself, and hired a cab, no matter. You dined, danced, and performed the other ‘funciones’ of the world just as well as your neighbours. In a word, nobody knew, or cared, how you lived or what you did. It

was a free city of refinement. As for its dissipation, I believe a great deal of nonsense was spoken and written about that; and I freely believe that London, measured against Paris, for the last eight years, would not gain the chaplet of Modesty and Virtue. At any rate, all the world agreed that Paris was pleasant; and so they came there accordingly.

The important question for Paris is, will they come again in the same quantity and on the same terms? I fear not—at least for some years. The actual Government of France is strictly republican, and no more likely to promote gaiety than the Roundheads; their great cry is that France was ruined by the dissipation and extravagance of the Empire. I think they forget that a great proportion of those dissipations and extravagances arose from foreigners, who were simply attracted here because the Empire had made not only Paris but France so great and so pleasant, that they spent their money happily and got that which they considered a fair return. This applied especially to the Americans, the Russians, and the Spaniards; but I doubt if any one of them will return to Paris under a stern puritanical *régime* as long as Vienna and other cities are open to them. But there are other reasons which make me consider a restored Paris society as for a long period an improbability. To begin with them, deaths in almost every family, from the duke to the scavenger—income reduced—property destroyed—and a taxation which will be a curiosity of finance. But you will say that the Thiers government will not last, and that with him practically expires all hope or fear of the pure and simple republic to which he is a tardy, and

in truth, a half-hearted adherent. This is true; and it is probable that the Bourbon fusion will succeed; but then their Court would be one of tradition, and its society only people of the past. Again, there is in at least one branch rather a religious feeling against what are called 'the doings of the immoral Empire'; and the Court of the other branch of the Noble House would be as dull and lifeless as a reception at the hôtel of a duchess on the other side of the Seine. Not in our time will the denizens of modern Liberal Conservative Europe be admitted to the penetralia of the *salons* of the Faubourg. I do not say they will lose much, for to the uninitiated they are scarcely jovial. Still for a brief period these two monastic and melancholy sets—together or separate—would rule society; and though possibly the result would be delightful for the French, yet I can conceive nothing so dull for the stranger *within* the gates of Paris. As to the Imperial restoration, if I am to believe all I hear, it is less inevitable than distant. The Empire sacrificed so much for society, and got such an ungracious return—though all classes except a curious clique of Doctrinaires and Rochefortistes agree that they were never so materially well off before—that it is probable the restored representative of that ill-used family, or the next heir to that perilous position, will say, 'No more sacrifices to the upper classes or liberal measures; sound, strong, fearless politicians, but no fêtes or festivals. Imperial festivities were immoral; let us try Imperial sternness, and rule like Louis XIV.'

Again, this would be perhaps very good, but it would be very dull for strangers and pleasure-seekers. I am not writing poli-

PAINT AND POWDER.



PAINT : PARIS, 1870.

PAINT AND POWDER.



POWDER : PARIS, 1871.

ties; I am writing rather to the best of my belief and ability about Paris society to 'London Society.' Perhaps I take a gloomy view of the future—it is not improbable. The air is still impregnated with the smoke of the incendiary—a patrol meets you at every street corner—the police have swords and revolvers, and look as if they would use them on very slight provocation. Nor can you wonder at it. Long lines of prisoners—either those of war, returning dirty, depressed, and degraded from Germany; or else, more dreadful to behold, chained and corded couples, the dregs of the Commune, dug out of the living tombs to which they had consigned themselves in the drains and catacombs, to be most

justly sent to the 'firing party' or to Cayenne.

Such sights do not raise our spirits, nor 'tint to-morrow' with many rays of hope or coming prosperity.

Why we had a review last week which was so depressing that I wonder we are alive. Jaded, defeated, and unlucky troops fresh from the horrors of a civil war, brought out to march past 'a lot of lawyers,' to quote the soldiers. The army looked disgusted, and the lookers-on were silent. So you see the present aspect of affairs is not roseate.

I am told that Paris is a phoenix, and I hope so. At any rate that fabled bird has plenty of ashes prepared by the 'International' from whence it can arise.

F. M. WHITEHURST.

ON CHAMPAGNE, CONSIDERED AS A SOCIAL FORCE.

WINE, of numberless names, and countless associations, whether it delights thee to be hailed as Cliequot, Roederer, Moussin, or Greno, to be quaffed in banqueting hall, or beneath the cool shades of tree-clad banks which slope down to murmurous streams: from delicately moulded glass, to whose brim thou ever risest in brittle bubbles of creamy foam, or from antique silver, prized heirloom of many generations; wine seldom tasted in thy native purity and excellence, often—too often—simulated by base counterfeits of every varying gradation of insufferable vileness; good for sickness, good for health; prized by invalid, beloved of epicure; thy name is a life poem, thy flavour a life's romance. Great enchanter of society, omnipotent magician of the dinner-table: the beatific pop-

which betokens thy presence is no sooner heard than a sudden change straight overspreads all those who hear it. Thou art thought's midwife. 'Tis thou who emboldenest by thy sunny influence and exhilarating smiles the feeble, the nervous, and the weak, who plantest courage in the hearts of the speechless, and bringest voice to the lips of the silent. But a few moments since, and all was awkwardness, taciturnity, and diffidence. Man eyed his fellow-man with inarticulate distrust. Not even the presence of woman could warm to utterance, or thaw into cheerfulness. There were abrupt remarks—then equally abrupt pauses: a laugh was where an epigram should have been, and a constrained monosyllable was a weak apology for repartee. 'Tis different now: the sound of thy explosive cork,

Champagne, has, by some strange witchery, of a sudden taught men the sweet music of speech. A murmur as of a rising storm runs round the table: badinage commences: flirtations flourish: the representatives of humanity are once more *pépores*—articulately speaking; and the change, the miracle—for both it is—is all wrought by thy magic spell, Champagne.

Vinum Mosellananum est omni tempore satum runs the old monkish doggrel. ‘In wine is truth’ and truth especially is innate in the wine of Champagne. Look at a man’s library, and you shall know his intellectual tastes: drink of a man’s champagne, and you shall be able at once to decide what his moral nature is—whether he be mean or noble, generous or parsimonious. Champagne is a certain and unerring detective of social hypocrisy and pretentiousness. If we are to trust Mr. Disraeli in ‘Lothair,’ it is the touchstone of the sublimest virtues. It is not enough that Lord St. Jerome in ‘Lothair’ shall be gracious in his manner and princely in his character: the culmination of his eulogy is the remark, ‘His lordship gave the same champagne at supper that he did at dinner, and (now comes the immediate *sequitur* and direct inference) was, in short, a patriot.’ Yet the very pretentiousness and hypocrisy which champagne betrays in the mean is but additional proof of the homage which it receives. Is there another wine in the world whose presence is so highly coveted as thine, Champagne? Are there any laurels of hospitality on which men set greater store than those which the reputation of giving thee in the perfection of thy effervescent purity to their guests bestows? A well-stocked cel-

lar of noble Clicquot, that is indeed fame; ‘The champagne at his house is always safe’—what a world of reputation lies in such eulogy as this! It is the sole and exclusive glory of modern times to have discovered and to possess thee, Champagne. This luxury was at least denied to the ancients: and thou never graced the banquets of Apicius: thy music was never heard at the feasts of Lucullus. The poets of Venusia and Verona—they would have hymned thy praises and been thy laureates. Horace would assuredly have quaffed at his Sabine farm crowned with myrtle, popular wreath and flowers, not the Falernian, nay, nor the Cæcuban; he would have enticed Mæcenas hither with some heavenly description of a cool spot, where in the distance was visible the blue outline of the Sabine Hills, where the friendly grove gave grateful shade, elm and oak uniting their hospitable branches, and where, standing in the stream, judiciously iced, with borage and lemon in due proportions mixed, was visible also ‘a silver tankard of thy cup, Champagne.’ And Catullus,—would he not have given us as companion to his exquisite picture of the sparrow feeding from his Lesbia’s finger a piquantly graphic portrait of that same Lesbia christening her dainty lips with the sparkling baptism of Champagne? Some person has said that had tobacco been discovered two thousand years before Sir Walter Raleigh’s time the whole course of ancient philosophy might have been altered. Had the vintage of Champagne disclosed its charm to mankind simultaneously the same thing might be said of ancient poetry.

We have spoken of the influence of champagne at dinner, but in truth the dinner-table is far from being the sole scene of the

triumphs and powers of the great wine. We might tell of breakfasts, and of suppers, suddenly converted from Saharas of intolerable dulness into oases of smiles and laughter by the appearance of champagne. What would be the breakfast matrimonial without its assistance? Who could tolerate the banquet, almost funereal in its dulness, without champagne? Where would be the compliments to the bridesmaids, where the sparkling humour of the inevitable wag of these feasts, where the point and witticism of the speeches, were it not for the redeeming influences of the beneficent vintage? You sit down like a company of mutes: you have just witnessed a copious display of parental and genuine weeping in church, and you expect every minute to see the same thing over the breakfast-table: you want to show your sympathy with what you see, and you know not how to do it. To laugh seems heartless, and to weep you are unable. Hey, presto! a sudden report: 'Champagne, sir?' The scene is altered: there is merriment and jest: the string of the tongue is loosed on all sides: you pull yourself together, and enter into the festivity of the occasion with what appetite you can. And there are breakfasts and breakfasts—breakfasts eminently political and breakfasts eminently social, but without champagne would they ever drag their slow and tedious length successfully along? The Right Honourable John Bright is, or rather was, a great hand at breakfasts of the former description. We have seen him address audiences of every conceivable kind on these occasions, and on almost every conceivable subject; but the great demagogue did not disdain the preparatory and inspiring beverage

supplied him by attentive menials. The nervous system, we all know, stands in constant need of repair: the fountain of life must be replenished: wisely and well must champagne be drunk. And the breakfasts 'eminently social'—those of Richmond or Gravesend on a fine summer morning with select friends—much music of feminine laughter, much sunshine of feminine smiles. Here again champagne is most excellent. The thing is worth trying. The Thames looks superlatively beautiful from the Star and Garter window during these earlier hours of the day, and you will be able to row your fair freight none the less effectively over those sunlit waters to Teddington or Hampton for having gladdened your vitality with a glass or two of the wine of the Widow Clicquot, or with a few sips from a certain goblet containing 'cup,' that, encircled with a napkin, stands at your elbow. Repeat the same experiment at Gravesend—by no means a bad place to take a thirty-six hours' holiday. You have dined there the night before, and with your customary discretion. In the morning get a boat to take you out into mid-Thames: full in face of Tilbury Fort plunge in—the water is fresh and pure: back to your hotel, and invigorate yourself with a fish *déjeuner* and a bottle of such Roederer as mine host of the New Falcon has: then in the afternoon mount the deck of a steamboat, and so back with the freshening breeze in your face to the smoke, the din, and work of London, your tone improved fifty per cent., up to any amount of toil for the week to come. For a brief holiday this is no bad receipt. Londoners should, in truth, be thankful that they have within easy reach of this metropolis the number

of perfect pleasure-grounds that they enjoy,—more in number and more perfect in kind than any other capital in the world: but Londoners are an ungrateful race, and a *Vindicta Londiniana* has yet to be written.

Or change the scene from the great river to the greater ocean. There, again, is champagne good for pleasure, for enjoyment, and for health. Champagne, though the fact may not be generally known, happens to be a capital antidote against marine nausea. Says the late Sir J. Y. Simpson, when discussing a variety of remedies that have been proposed for sea-sickness, 'I myself, when crossing the Bay of Biscay, before now, have partaken of devilled lobster and dry champagne, and found them real blessings.' Here, if you like, is the language of appreciation. Yachting without champagne-cup!—why, you might as well try to dissociate spirit from body or matter from mind. Delicious in the noontide's heat, and even more delicious when your fairy craft lies at anchor in the sultry summer night; and with the stars above you, and the waters singing a slumberous lullaby round you, you sit meditative, or perhaps conversational, or perhaps listening to the strains of that music which never sounds so well as at sea, over your last cigar before turning in. Great, too, is champagne-cup and powerful its operation on the cricket-field. County cricket-fields, we mean, where, the match itself over, a dance not unseldom winds up the day. Poetical, also, and even classical, the beverage seems when quaffed in the cloistered seclusion of college rooms. Verily the Oxford Commemoration and the Cambridge Commencement are *par excellence* the carnivals of champagne-cup. There is the inevi-

table tankard passed round when the breakfast is over, and again when luncheon arrives. Then it is ubiquitous at Nuneham, and takes a fresh lease of existence at Godstowe. Again, you have it more than once at balls in the evening, theatricals, or concerts.

Nor at dinner nor breakfast only, nor such miscellaneous occasions as we have here instanced alone is champagne seen as a great social force. What are we to say of its presence at picnics, its sway at suppers? Picnics, by the by, have ceased to be the improvised entertainments which they once were. The train takes you to some rustic station where your friend's dog-cart awaits you. Resplendent in glossy hat, lavender kids, and frock coat, you alight at a judiciously-chosen spot, the ground covered with an elaborate series of carpets, cushions, and fleecy rugs, such as would have fitted well a Turkish divan. 'I think this will do,' remarks your host, consulting his watch; 'by the time that we sit down to lunch the sun will have sunk behind yonder tree, and we shall not be troubled with its heat.' Servants in many liveries are busy on all sides about you. There are ladies clad in the very latest costume of Parisian *négligé*. You might be in a drawing-room or on a croquet-ground. There is nothing of the old-fashioned scramble, nothing forgotten, everything perfectly appointed and perfectly served. Theoretically we may lament this decline from rustic simplicity; practically it has its advantages. However this may be, champagne has its functions to perform as much as ever, to confirm the weak-hearted and to assure the timid. The shy young man casts aside his outer mask of diffidence, now ventures upon an attempt at witticism, and now boldly forces a laugh; the intel-

lectual young lady comes down to the level of ordinary humanity, and prudes display an unwonted tendency to something surprisingly like skittishness. Shall we pursue the influence of champagne to supper? Shall we dwell upon the marked difference between the dancing power before and after the midnight repast has been taken, and the frequent crack of the champagne cork has made music in the air? Would it be a mistake to describe champagne as a not less arrant matchmaker than the most diplomatic of mammas, or even *Pronuba Juno* herself? Madame Clicquot has been deprived by destiny of her good husband; but has not her vintage proved instrumental in supplying husbands to no small number of young ladies who we sincerely hope are now very happy wives? Proposing is nervous work even for the most stout-hearted. A glass of champagne is no contemptible receipt for screwing the manly courage up to the needful sticking point. Do you think that Mr. Flutter, of whom it was said by his friends that he could not say 'bo to a goose,' would ever have been inspired with the requisite amount of pluck to make a declaration of passion to Mrs. F., then Miss Rasper, had it not been that after the second glass of champagne he felt that he could have met a personage much less smiling than even his adored one? Who shall say for what mighty issues that second glass of champagne may not be answerable?

'The pair then adjourned to the Bell Tavern, where they consumed a bottle of champagne, for payment of which they tossed, the prisoner winning with a lucky sixpence.' How often in the police reports, where a case of swindling has occurred, are such sentences as this to be read? It is not

upon the champagne that the crime committed is to be visited as its legitimate cause: the stream of dupes and consequently the supply of knaves are perennial. The next thing that we have to remark, as testifying to the widespread potency of the idea of champagne—and it is certainly the idea only and not the fact, that in these cases there has been—is that it is the beverage which loafers, rowdies, and swindlers most affect. If the associations that cling to the vintage pure, genuine, and unalloyed, are pleasant to trace and remember, as we have briefly delineated them above, the name of champagne, though generally the name only, is too often dragged into base combinations and used for vile purposes. Roederer, Clicquot, Pommery Greno, these are vintages which a poet may sing of, as many poets have sung of. But what are we to say of the thousand spurious imitations, unwholesome and distasteful, yet drunk for appearance sake and nothing else, under the title of champagne? Champagne let us have by all means, and in ample quantities, remembering the old monkish line already quoted, '*Vinum Mosellana num est omni tempore sanum*,' for to the tired, the weary, and the invalid, such a wine is often a veritable specific of unimagined virtue; but gooseberry and the fizz which is made to pass muster as a substitute for the real wine itself, these are the drinks which clog the stomach and clog the digestion, to be avoided as poisonous abominations and snares. When will people learn the lesson which Thackeray devoted no small part of his energies to preach? when will the dinner-out cease to be presented with the wine which assumes the name and apes the appearance, but which is a hundred miles removed from the reality

of ‘the glorious vintage of Champagne’? Imitation may be sincere flattery; but the homage is to be deprecated in the case of champagne.

But the chief cause which has cast any disrepute that it has incurred upon champagne is not so much this latter circumstance as that which we mentioned in the first instance—the associations which cling to third-rate imitations of the wine. The refrain of more than one musical ditty is enough in truth to disgust one with the mere mention of the word. The gaudy-coloured cad who gesticulates and represents himself as solving all the difficulties of life by a draught of this wine, as of his one particular liquor has been lately familiarised with his—the type of a vulgar class of votaries, whose knowledge of champagne is that only of a vile and adulterated fluid, which may best be described as a liquid lie. It would be an interesting fact to ascertain how much poison is vended every night in London under the much-abused name of champagne; how many idiots, male and female, keep ruinously late hours consuming it, and what is the amount of profit derived by those who make its sale their business.

Beer is, and will probably continue to be, our staple national drink. The position occupied by champagne is that of an ornamental auxiliary to our regular habits and requirements. Champagne has thus become the vehicle for a monstrous deal of silly show and vulgar ostentation. Lais and Phryne are clamorous for it on every opportunity because it is expensive, and upon the principle that expense is the standard and acme of excellence. These are instances which are nothing more than *reductions ad absurdum* of a

tendency prevalent enough. Do you belong to the Purple Patch Club? It is said of the Purple Patch that its weekly champagne account considerably exceeds that of any other club in London. And who are the members of the society which consume most? from what class or classes are they mainly drawn? To tell the truth, the Purple Patch Club is largely reinforced from the City, and the City swell is fanatically attached to champagne. Again, if you are in Manchester or Liverpool, and meet Tomkins the great cotton-ocrat, or Mumpkins the great linen merchant, he will ask you at once to come into his club and try the champagne, no matter what hour of the day or night it may be. In the idea of T. and M. it is the right thing to do. Professional bookmakers also furnish a large contingent of champagne-drinkers. Gentlemen of this description would have an idea that they were insulting you if they were to ask you to touch anything else.

We have looked at champagne as a social force, and seen something of it—held our glass up to the light and looked through it. Its prime sanitary or medical value remains to be stated. Champagne having grown to be regarded as in great measure symbolical of luxury and opulence, it follows naturally enough that it should be liable to abuses such as we have indicated. Its real use, doctors will tell you, is its marvellous restorative power. Take it occasionally and you will experience its virtue and its value. To take it as a regular thing practically robs it of half its specific efficacy. The presence of a champagne-bottle in the sick room, and in such scenes as those in which we have traced its presence, what a contrast would the two as auto-biographies make!

DRESSED FOR A PICNIC.

WHAT folly to sing of the joys of Olympus,
Of nectar which deities tipple at will,
A cosy retreat where they tea and they shrimp us,
To borrow from Moore is 'more exquisite still.'
Just think of the wrangles of Venus and Juno,
The blush of Diana when Cupid is pert,
The fuss when young Mercury loiters, and you know
How Bacchus and Ganymede fight at dessert.

I will put the monotony out of the question,
And points of morality out in the cold;
Let them suffer, or not, from acute indigestion,
These gods who are lazy, and never grow old.
But I still will maintain 'tis a grievous disaster,
For Jupiter's nod to bring pleasure or pain,
When the clerk of the weather approaching his master,
Ejaculates, 'Jupiter ! say, shall it rain ?'

'Shall it rain ?' very simple for Jove to decide on,
A point he may jeer at with insolent mirth ;
A goddess but scanty apparel is tried on,
'Tis a different matter with fairies on earth.
'Does he love me or not ?' asks the fanciful maiden,
To daisies unfolding her heart and its pain,
With point as intense is the query o'erladen,
Which Jove must decide—' Shall it rain ? shall it rain ?'

Just picture a banquet *sub Jove* decided,
Neath beeches of Burnham, at Maidenhead's spring,
With maidens and chaperones nicely divided,
By men who can talk and by boys who can sing.
Imagine the Mayonnaise cool, and the salad,
The tankard of claret, the cup of champagne !
The laughter ! the love ! the quotation of ballad,
Say surly old Jupiter, then ' Shall it rain ?'

Would cynical fellows despise the despairing
Of maize-covered Margaret, Carry in blue,
Of Alice in chintz, or of Isabel wearing
A tunic composed of a towel or two ?
Who can listen, unmoved, to the merciless patter,
Of drops on the leaves, or of hail on the pane,
To the hope against hope, to the innocent chatter
Of maidens awaiting the end of the rain ?

Oh Jupiter, think of us landward or seaward,
In Matterhorn scrambles, where Lurlei frowns,
Our thoughts of the weather are foremost, and theeward
On foot, or yacht Ariel making the Downs.
The wealth of our sunshine thy torrent has wasted,
Our eyelids have borrowed their tears from the skies,
Send Phœbus Apollo to boast he has tasted,
From cold lips of summer a kiss ere she dies.



Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.

DRESSED FOR A PIC-NIC.

(See Page 95.)

DRESSED FOR A PICNIC.

WHAT folly to sing of the joys of Olympus,
Of nectar which deities tipple at will,
A cosy retreat where they tea and they shrimp us,
To borrow from Moore is 'more exquisite still.'
Just think of the wranglings of Venus and Juno,
The blush of Diana when Cupid is pert,
The fuss when young Mercury loafers, and you know
How Bacchus and Dionysus fight at dessert,

I will put the controversy out of the question,
And point of mortality out in the cold;
Let *Gato sulle*, or not, from acute indigestion,
These gods who are lazy, and never grow old.
But I still will maintain 'tis a grievous disaster,
For Jupiter's nod to bring pleasure or pain,
When the clerk of the weather approaching his master,
Ejaculates, 'Jupiter! say, shall it rain?'

'Shall it rain?'—very simple for Jove to decide on,
A power he can jinx or with innocent mirth;
A power that every aspect is tried on,
'Tis a common mother with skies on earth.
'Does we love me or not?' says the fanciful maiden,
To dainties unfolding her heart and its pain,
With point as intense is the query o'er all,
Which Jove must decide—'Shall it rain? shall it rain?'

Just picture a banquet *sab Jove* decided,
Neath boughs of Burnham, at Maidenhead's spring,
With maidens and chaperones nicely divided,
By men who can talk and by boys who can sing,
Imagining the Mayonnaise cool, and the salad,
The tankard of claret, the cup of champagne:
The laughter! the love! the quotation of ballad,
Say surly old Jupiter, then 'Shall it rain?'

Would cynical fellows despise the despairing
Of mattox-covered Margaret, Carry in blue,
Of Alice in pink, or of faded wearing
A *bain empannelé* of a hundred and two?
Would cynical fellows despise the merciless patter,
Of mattox with mattox, or of hell on the pane,
To the tune against hope, to the illendent chatter
Of mattox awaiting the sun of the rain?

Oh Jupiter, mind not northward or seaward,
In Mattox's mattox, where Lurlei frowns,
The thoughts of the weather are foremost, and theeward
Go look, or look, back making the Downs.
The wealth of our mattox the torrent has wasted,
Our eyelids have withheld their tears from the skies,
Send mattox Zephyr to boast he has tasted,
From cold lips of mattox a kiss ere she dies.





Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.]

DRESSED FOR A PIC-NIC.

[See Page 176.

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WOODS AND WOLDS.

If you want to have as sweet and pleasant an English holiday as maybe—and you are not going to the seaside nor yet to the mountains or the lakes—make a trial, which you will in nowise regret, of the English woods and wolds. There are not many woods left now; but I trust the disafforesting system is arrested. Epping Forest is still preserved for the Londoners, and, like the melancholy Jacques, I moon there and moralize, witnessing the struggling epos of civic life. Our law lords seem to affect the forest; from St. Leonard's Forest, in Sussex, one veteran legal peer, still living, derives his title; and from Lyndhurst, which may be called the capital of the New Forest, the most statesmanlike Chancellor of our day derived the name of his barony. I suppose that the most genuine forest remains that can be found in this country are in the Sussex woods or the Hampshire New Forest. The most genuine bit of forestry easily accessible to Londoners is, I think, Burnham Beeches, beloved by artists, who are supposed to have made nine hundred and ninety-nine pictures of those glorious glades. Windsor Forest has still some noble bits of nature, but it is so toned and tamed by art that Burnham Beeches, to my eye, have the most genuine touch of forestry about them. But everywhere in England there is woodland, and the woods have legends, pictures, and stories associated with them. The very opening page of Mr. Longfellow's familiar volume—the first lines of his prelude to the 'Voices of the Night'—runs thus:—

‘Pleasant it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amidst some sylvan scene
Where the long dropping boughs be-
tween,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.’

Mr. Longfellow, indeed, seems to have a special affection for the woodlands, for the ‘crimson woods,’ herein resembling our own Keble, and he has given us those magnificent forest lines—

‘This is the forest primeval. The mur-
muring pines and hemlocks
Blended with moss, and in garments
green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like draids of eld, with voices
sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards
that rest on their bosoms;’

with which might be compared Keble's ‘Red o'er the forest peers
the setting sun,’ and Keats'

‘Those green-robed senators of mighty
woods,
Tall oaks.’

But is there really anything more glorious than a day in the woods, whether it be in solitary musings or in the skilfully-planned pic-nic? Most of us have our recollections of glorious pic-nics in the woods. Old fogies will tell us that it is better to go and have a look at the woods and then come home to a satisfactory dinner round the mahogany. But that is not our opinion, my young friends, is it? We know what it is to get into some sequestered glade, some clearing of Nature's own in the forest, and then beyond any pathway or reach of outer sound, to hold high revel, spreading our white cloth on the mossy

carpet and cooling the long-necked bottles in the stream. We know what it is to pitch an actual tent in the wilderness, and to gather faggots for our woodland fire, and to raise the woodland shout that shall bring all comrades together before the homeward start. These woods are ever beautiful, whether in the delicate full flush of the green of spring, or in the high noon of settled summer, or in the magnificent variety of tints in the autumn ; even in the 'chill October' of Mr. Millais' picture ; and Longfellow seems to give a distinct preference even to winter itself. Or perhaps you will especially enjoy woods in long solitary rambles. You cannot at the same time, except in an audience fit and few, have much both of nature and of society. You seem to need a special kind of training and education to enjoy the natural beauties of the woods. And there is something provocative in their stillness and solitude to quiet thought. You seem to have escaped into an elder world. You have left behind you shadows and mocking voices for the reality of peace. To me a wood is always a region of a kind of happy enchantment. I linger there till the latest moment I can spare myself, even when I have had to go on to my next resting-place in utter gloom, so intense that I could not see my hand before me, but satisfied that I am in a well-worn path, and feeling my way with a stick. Perhaps you are startled by suddenly rousing the whirring pheasant, or you may feel uncomfortable at the thought of meeting some poachers. I know a man who, in a lonely wood in the midland counties, came upon a cross bearing an inscription, that some hapless traveller had been murdered there. Perhaps he quickened his pace until he came out of those dubious paths. But there is a

witchery about the woods ; nor can I look back upon any days that have so thoroughly a holiday character, as those which I have spent solitary or social in the woods.

And what about the wolds, you may inquire. Strictly speaking, they are a kind of scenery which is not very common in England, though the word is often used in a general way.

'Arise and let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds,
For look, the sunset south and north
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Tinging the sullen pool below,
On the chalk hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless, let us go.'

Mr. Tennyson of course has the Lincolnshire wolds before him, as he elsewhere so closely brings out Lincolnshire scenery. I suspect that the young squire and the miller's daughter went across a fine breezy common, that undulated nobly, rising into downs and sinking into hidden dells. In the chalk formation of the wolds you often come upon 'combes,' but the 'combe' of Yorkshire is different to the 'combe' of Devonshire. The former of these are 'sudden hollows in the hill-side, which look as if they had been worn into their present smooth round shape by the action of water in some long-past geological era.' There is a magnificent combe in the noble park of Londesborough, which gives a sounding title to our peerage, and where a magnificent seat is about to arise in the eastern wolds of Yorkshire. It is a perfect natural amphitheatre—so perfect that one wonders whether nature has not been assisted by art,—and the late Lord Londesborough crowded the hill-side far and wide with multitudes who came to witness the revival of old English sports in that green natural basin. It is from the unique and charming

village of Londesborough, just on the edge of the eastern wolds of Yorkshire, that I have derived my impressions of the character of the wold country. As I am giving hints to tourists, I would advise them to work up the scenery of the Yorkshire wolds and not to forget Londesborough with its intensely interesting little church hung with the worn banners of the Clifffords. The 'shepherd lord' himself lived here, 'clad in homely grey,' as he wandered on the green wolds, to be immortalized in the gentle poetry of the 'White Doe of Rylstone.' In Londesborough Park you may see some of the most exquisite examples of the wolds, their grassy vales and gentle heights, the copses, the clumps of trees, the soft pasture, the low-lying waters. I have been delighted to muse in the glades of that immemorial park, to pace those long-drawn avenues and that noble terrace, and to descend that grand flight of steps into the park, that only relique of the vanished hall of the Cavendishes which is to revive in renewed splendour under the Conynghams. Sydney Smith was once rector here, though, strangely enough, the fact has been omitted. I venture to say that the present Squire and the present Rector of Londesborough have set their mark upon the place. The latter eloquently says in one of his writings — 'Even in winter the crimson and golden sunsets often light up the dark-purple landscape with a lustre which equals the splendour of mid-summer; and the distant Humber sometimes catches the slanting rays of the northern sun at such an angle that the shining river seems lifted above the land—a broad flashing bar of light against the southern sky.' The last-mentioned phenomenon is one of the most striking I have ever witnessed in 'the kingdom of Yorkshire'—for

Yorkshire may be called a kingdom in itself. Pope, who knew the country and ought to have appreciated it better, lamenting a friend's illness, says: "I am concerned that he is in so cold and remote a place as the wolds of Yorkshire." The Wold people will not care what amount of castigation Mr. Elwin inflicts upon their traducer. But do not you, friendly reader, have any prejudice against wolds, especially these Yorkshire wolds, where I commend you to a long holiday ramble. Follow the long waving line of these undulating hills, scale the steep inclines and search out the dales that run into the wolds. The pure clear exhilarating air, freshened from either sea, which will brace your nerves and spirits against getting into harness once more. And you will find many architectural gems—ancient churches, grand massive farmhouses of the best style, white-gleaming cottages, wood and trout stream and wayside pond, and perhaps a more primitive type of country people than you have ever seen in your inland travels, and so to the coast, where you will find the tradition of many a village washed away by the northern sea. And as you skirt the elevated line of the uplands you will see the vast expanse of that grand plain of York, from Hull steeple to the Minster towers. As I have been quoting poetry I wonder if I might quote some lines of my own, which I wrote in old holiday days on this famous prospect.

'Then on that ancient tower I stood,
The racing breezes coursed around;
Then still to us each murmured
round
Of village, upland, and the wood.

Castle and hall and hamlet lay
Bare to the sky in beauty wild,
And sunlit, proudly flushing smiled
Fair in the golden light of day.

There swept a glory o'er the lands,
There hung a glory in the skies,
That tinged the earth with myriad
dyes;
The laughing streamlets clapped their
hands.

And over all the good old shire
Threadlike there gleamed the public
ways,
And trembled in the purple haze
The distant haven's ancient spire.
Clear greenland spaces shone with
flowers;
Calm sheets of water slept between;
And far past many a regal scene,
Uprose the proud York Minster towers.'

My friend, were you ever lost in a wood? It is rather hard to do so in England; there are few woods big enough. I have been lost as a youngster, and also after I cut my wisdom teeth, and I don't half like it. My original idea of being lost in a wood was rather a jolly one, something of the Robinson Crusoe kind. In youthful days Robinson Crusoe literature gets a strong hold on the youthful imagination. There seemed to me something very jolly in being shipwrecked, or in being lost in a wood.

In the first place, look at the joys of being shipwrecked. Your life becomes a perpetual joyous pic-nic. You find turtles on the shore; you trap kids; you gather mighty clusters of grapes; you tame wild beasts. Then there comes a wreck, and our lucky shipwrecked fellow helps himself *ad libitum* to a great deal more than could possibly be his by the rights of private property, strong waters, casks of biscuit, meat and spirits, clothes, firearms, ammunition. On the whole, it is a very jolly and advantageous thing to be shipwrecked; and the 'intelligent schoolboy,' instead of storing up his mind with universal information, according to the Macaulayan ideal, gloats over Robinson Crusoe and those other books which combine the excitement of adventure with the

gain of buccaneering. Similarly the theory of being lost in a wood, according to the theory of boys' literature, is not unpleasant. You are supposed to construct a wigwam in the wood, to knock down birds, to slay an antelope; you have a miraculous escape from poisonous fruits and deadly serpents; you make your clearings; you discover a treasure; you are guided by the polestar, or possibly a flock of birds, out of the wood, and the untoward incident makes your fortune. Such are the picturesque events which, according to the popular literature of boys, accompany the being lost in a wood. They throw a certain kind of glamour over the experience, which is not altogether of such a very blessed description.

I remember very well as a child my childish terror and consternation at being lost in a wood. To see those immense high trees bending down upon you from the upper ground, so tall and threatening; to have to push every foot of your way through long grasses and conflicting boughs; to dash madly forward with the sickening feeling that you are only losing your way more deeply—all this is truly terrific for a child. A boy or girl is generally recovered, even if they cannot find their own way out of the narrow limits of a wood. Their chief danger is that they should meddle with poisonous plants. At no time, indeed, is it pleasant to lose your way in a wood, especially if your biscuits are all gone, and your flask has not been replenished. There are some districts where enormous fir and pine plantations have been made, and where at times, in the north country, the ground is exceedingly heavy and unequal. If you are obliged to camp out for the night you don't so much care for present inconvenience as for the prospect

of sore throat or bronchitis. I remember that when I was lost my chief terror was a nervousness — Suppose I should have an accident, and break my leg, or suppose I should have to lie in intense pain until I should recover; and then the disagreeable thought would intrude, how far it would be perfectly possible so to lie without being discovered. However, I was not long in the interested position of one lost before I 'made tracks' which soon brought me out into a road through the wood. Every wood that is really large is intersected by a number of roads. Very often, indeed, the multiplicity of roads is a botheration. I remember, in a large French wood, coming upon a spot where about fifteen different roads converged. In a French wood you really might attain to the dignity of being attacked and eaten by wolves. There are supposed to be societies, that indeed, have state support, that are supposed to exist for the sake of the extermination of wolves; but it acts very much as any similar society in England would do with respect to foxes. The result is that the wolves rather multiply than otherwise, and sedulous pains are taken that at any time there may be a good wolf-hunt.

I observe that children always grow timid in driving through a wood. They are sure that there must be wolves about; the lion and the bear must be lurking in those dim, mysterious masses of shadow. The little things cling tightly to you, and their laughter is hushed until you get into the open country once more. It is astonishing how dark and sombre the pillarèd avenues appear even at the brightest noontide. It is like getting out of a tunnel into the open. One day I found a bright little boy, with terror-stricken eyes, reading that sorrowful idyll of Little Red

Ridinghood. He was anxious to prove to me that there were no wolves in England, entertaining, however, in all appearance, only a half-formed conviction on the subject. I put him through his facings, and demanded on what evidence he had come to that conclusion. I left him very doubtful and anxious on the point—there was a small wood near the house—whether there really were any wolves in England.

It is much more bearable when you are lost with a companion, especially if your companion is a pleasant sort of being. If you are a young fellow, and your companion is a young lady, that being lost in the woods becomes a very endurable process. In fact, you will find it a little difficult in obtaining credence that you really have been lost in the wood, and have not made a point of losing yourselves there. But let us suppose that you and Araminta have unwittingly mistaken the paths in the New Forest, and have gone away unwittingly in a totally wrong direction. Such an event will enable you to take stock of the nymph, and perhaps the young lady is taking stock of you. And now how do you get on with Araminta in this imaginary wood?—not unlike that famous 'wood near Athens,' in which Titania fell in love with a certain description of animal perhaps not altogether unlike yourself; or rather let us more politely say that immemorial wood of Ardennes, with its wit and love. It would not be amiss to discuss the loves of the woodlands, from Chaucer to Leigh Hunt. But Araminta is your dryad, and we want to see how you will get on. Araminta will be tired; Araminta will be frightened; Araminta will be peevish. You will discover, after all, that Araminta is very human indeed. To be really lost in a

wood will be a good test for her. First of all it will test her physical power; and although one does not look for very much of this in a young lady, the point is distinctly worth noting. Then you will see how she bears the test as applied to her mental resources. Make a point of not talking too much yourself. See if she talks about subjects or about people—whether, that is to say, she gossips or really converses. Then, again, it is a test for her moral nature; for if the poor girl is hungry and tired and bewildered, she will get unreasonably cross, but not if she is really brave and truly loves you, and not if she is of a genuine and noble nature. The patience and

courage and sweet temper of a woman will often come out all the better for a set of unfavourable outward circumstances; and if you are only lost long enough you will find out very easily whether she likes you—only, impetuous youth, it would be very unfair for you to pop the question when it would be quite impossible for her to get out of the way after refusing you. Perhaps you yourself may not have come out very well from an examination of the sort I have suggested. You see, I am quite aware how woods may be utilized; but, my young friend, remember that it is sometimes easier to get into the wood than to get out of it.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BIOGRAPHY.

IN looking at various works in biography which have recently appeared, there is only one of whose absolute merits there can be no question. But the Life of Charles Mayne Young, by his son, Julian Young, an estimable clergyman, whose name, character, and writings have made him a deserved favourite in society, is decidedly a good book.* Generally speaking, a reviewer works through a biography with much grief and pains, glad if he can hit upon an anecdote or a *bon mot* really worth quotation; but all Mr. Young's work is really worth quotation. If we fairly began our difficulty would be where to leave off. A work so fascinating and so popular must be so widely read among our readers that it must be unnecessary to use description or quotation. If any of our readers have not read it we recommend them to do so at once.

And yet there are many parts on which we would most willingly linger. The account of the great actor and good man, the affecting story of the early death of Julian Young's mother, the marvellous bits of the supernatural, the intensely dramatic story of the gambling-house in the Palais Royal, the touching account of the

life and death of the Puritan parish clerk, the narrative of the British bagman at Waterloo, the account of the way in which he was nearly kidnapped and murdered in the streets of London, his custom of giving readings long before penny readings were heard of, are specimens of stories which will become perfectly familiar to all lovers and sayers of good things. What we especially like in the work is the earnest, unaffected way in which Mr. Young never loses sight of his clerical character, and never obtrudes it in an unnecessary way. There are various of his stories which we have heard before, and have seen stated in a different relation; and while we accept Mr. Young's way of telling them wherever he has been personally concerned, we are not so sure that in other cases he has quite got hold of the precise details. Some of the stories, such as the present Sir Robert Peel's escape from the 'Sicilia,' and Napoleon the Third's plan for the invasion of England, are perhaps better known than he expects. A few of the stories will seem a little apocryphal to outsiders, and to require strengthening. We will just take a few *morceaux*, as our manner is, illustrative of contemporary history. Dr. Routh's solemn advice to Mr. Burdon was, 'Always verify quotations':—'I was exceedingly amused by the childlike enjoyment of the fire-

* 'A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with Extracts from his Son's Journal.' By Julian Young, A.M., Rector of Ilmington. Macmillan.

works shown by Faraday. He seemed to know the ingredients used in all the pyrotechnic wonders, and hollered out, with wonderful vivacity, "There goes magnesium," "There's potassium," &c., —' Dickens showed us one or two capital conjuring tricks which he had just brought from Paris.

' July 26, 1849. Went to a bazaar at Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, "I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?" The child, pausing, "Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony." —' Hicks went one day, in company with Mr. Robert Lowe, to look over a school. He asked one of the boys the following question: "Well, my boy, what have you been learning to-day?" *Answer:* "Please, sir, to turn head over heels." Mr. Lowe laughing heartily, Hicks asked him, "In such a case, what would you pay for results?"

' 1850, May 6. Dined with Admiral Meynell. Among the party was Captain Macquhae, the person who first saw the sea serpent. He gave us the whole account, with an air of great simplicity and truthfulness. Meynell said he had known him for years, and believed him incapable of exaggeration. Every officer on Macquhae's ship saw the serpent as distinctly as Macquhae.' —' The characters in Dickens's writings which have been most severely criticized as exaggerated or distorted, are actual transcripts of *bonâ fide* originals. Why, who that knew her could fail to recognize the original of

Mrs. Leo Hunter? In younger days I was at one or two of her parties in Portland Place. Who that is familiar with Manchester does not know the Cheeryble brothers? Who that is old enough to remember a certain inn in Holborn [in coaching days can forget the original of Sam Weller? The original of Mrs. Gamp is not so well known; but I know well the ladies who first introduced her to Dickens's notice.' —' A farmer in the North Riding had been for years at open variance with his brother, was persuaded by his minister, in consequence of the dangerous state of his health, to send for him and be reconciled with him. As he was departing the invalid cried out, 'I say, Bill, we've made it up, you know, because they think as I be going to die; but if I shouldn't die after all, then, remember, we are to be as we war afore.'

It is a happy peculiarity of Mr. Young's stories that the longer they are the better they are. We wish we could extract some of his sensible opinions on the culture of poor country people, and on the Sunday employment of country gentlemen. Our readers must go to the work for its wit, anecdote, and wisdom. We must not be like the *Scholasticus* who wished to describe a statue by showing a finger.

If the late Lord Brougham could in any degree have anticipated the kind of contemptuous good-nature with which his 'Autobiography' * is received, it would have been a severe check to whatever he had in him of self-consciousness and egotism. It is quite understood that it is not one of those books

* 'The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham.' Written by Himself. Vol. ii. Blackwoods.

on which we can at all rely for trustworthy materials of history. Such letters as those of Lord Stanhope and Mr. Wyndham Smith are terrible exposures of inaccuracy and forgetfulness. It is interesting to know that Lord Brougham began to write these 'Memoirs' in his eighty-fourth year, which may serve as a much needed apology for the deficiencies of the work. Just a few points may be noted:—Brougham writes of a man called Dog Dent or 'The Dog.' He first suggested a tax on dogs; and Lord Brougham says that he used frequently to receive large hampers garnished with hares' legs, pheasants' tails, grouse and partridge wings, &c., but invariably filled with dead dogs. The 'Times,' which has inserted various contradictions of the book, has omitted to contradict a statement affecting itself, to the effect that the 'Times' *rattled* on the question of the Princess of Wales, because its taking the opposite side had caused an immense falling-off in the circulation. Brougham gave, so he says, the editor Barnes' brother a place, for which he was repaid by daily or weekly abuse. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that Lord Brougham left such stringent directions that nothing he had written should be altered. There are one or two curious medical stories in reference to Dr. Baillie. Baillie would always hold an opinion of his own against the most confident opinions of others, as in Lord Brougham's case. Horner's case could not be understood, but Baillie said that it must be one of two disorders, both of a most obscure and rare description. It was afterwards found that both the diseases existed.

It is hard to understand why a life of Bishop Hampden should

have been written.* His was chiefly a polemical reputation, associated with some of the thorniest paths of theology and philosophy. The book contains a penitential letter from Mr. Gladstone, who seems to have wrongfully entertained an idea of voting against him at Convocation; but inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone never carried out his intention, we can only ascribe the letter to a passion for epistolary communications which seems damaging to what Mr. Gladstone has of a literary character. The Life gives us a characteristic saying of Lord Melbourne's, who put his hand kindly on Hampden's arm, and said, 'Be easy; I like an easy man.' Lord Melbourne hardly understood that there are men and matters on which it is not possible to maintain an 'easy' position. One anecdote may be cited for its reference to recent legislation:—A Unitarian bookseller rejoiced that the Dissenters had not been admitted to the universities. 'The sons of our rich Unitarians would have gone then, and nine out of ten would have gone over to the Church. A friend of mine, formerly M.P., the other day was complaining of his folly in letting two of his sons go to Cambridge, the consequence of which is they have both abandoned their father's creed.' Bishop Hampden got into quiet waters at last. He was a good man, and did his duty; but the Herefordshire people are rather puzzled—and we sympathize with them—at this biography being written. There is something touching in this mention of him: 'On his busiest afternoons he would steal out for a few moments on the terrace of the palace garden to see the sun set over the picturesque old bridge,

* 'Some Memorials of Renn Dickson Hampden, Bishop of Hereford.' Edited by his Daughter, Henrietta Hampden. Longmans.

and its brilliant reflection in the river Wye.' He was a good man, who would noiselessly have performed an obscure, but very useful part in life, had he not been dragged into a blundering controversy in which he seems to have been hardly treated.

In these days of biography a life of Maclise was of course inevitable.* It does not amount to much, for there seems to have been a paucity of materials. Mr. Dickens burnt all his correspondence, because, he says, 'I could not answer for its privacy being respected after I was dead.' Mr. John Forster, however, gave the writer of the memoir some interesting letters; and it was easy to follow the great artist from picture to picture in the pages of the art periodicals. There is a very interesting story about the youth of Maclise, how, as a mere boy, he took a sketch of Sir Walter Scott, while at a shop, which pleased and astonished the great author, and led to Maclise's opening an atelier of his own. There never was a more industrious artist who combined with hard work skill of hand and rapidity of execution. He found his way to London, that potent magnet which attracts all genius to itself, and the lucky accident of his making a sketch of young Kean on his first appearance gave him a London reputation as a portrait-painter. But Maclise aspired much higher. His first picture exhibited at the Academy was that wonderful one from 'Twelfth Night,' now in the Vernon Gallery, where Olivia with Maria is waiting in her garden for an interview with Malvolio. Henceforth there is a long series of successes, his best perhaps, certainly his best known picture, being that

of the 'Play Scene in "Hamlet." ' It is curious that a man wanted to deal with him for the picture who had never heard of Hamlet. For seven years (1859—66) he did not exhibit, and his works at the Academy formed but a limited part of his productions. The most vexatious part of his career was his work on the cartoons for the Houses of Parliament, where the Government treated him with that narrowness and niggardliness for which Government is unfortunately notorious. He received much help and sympathy from Prince Albert; indeed the Prince Consort's letters here given are full of interest, illustrating both his kindly character and his uncommon knowledge of art. In 1862 we were all delighted with his great fresco of the meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance after the battle of Waterloo. The captious criticism was, however, made that, as a matter of fact, Wellington and Blucher never met at all; and the incident only existed in the imagination of the artist. 'At the earnest solicitation of Sir Charles Eastlake, her Majesty the Queen wrote to the Crown Princess at Berlin to ascertain how the fact was, and the result was a letter from General Nostitz, stating that having been personal aide-de-camp to Prince Blucher throughout the campaigns of 1813, 1814, and 1815, and by his side at every important movement, he was able to assert positively that this meeting really took place.' Maclise took immense pains to be accurate in all his pictures. For the Wellington cartoon he procured the loan of the picture of Copenhagen, the Duke's charger, from the Duke of Northumberland; and for the Nelson cartoon he went down to Greenwich to talk with an old lieutenant, a survivor of Trafalgar, who, from the mizzen-top of the 'Redoutable,' brought

* 'A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.' By W. Justin O'Driscoll. Longmans.

down the sharpshooter who gave Nelson his death-wound. The Academy wished him to be their president, but he was constrained to decline. A shadow seemed to rest upon his latter days; his sister died, and the Government acted with injustice and ingratitude towards him. The memoir does justice to his wonderful industry and fertility of intellect and imagination. Dickens was probably right in saying that, if he had been so minded, Macrise would have been as great a writer as he was a painter. Dickens's memorial words at the Academy dinner formed one of the most touching and happy of his speeches. Within a few months he followed the great painter with whom he had so long lived on terms of brotherly intimacy.

It is not without the deepest interest that we looked forward to Mr. Lytton's memoir of Julian Fane.* Mr. Fane was a remarkable man, and we need hardly say that to Lord Lytton's heir has descended the inheritance of some of his father's brightest gifts. He is, in fact, a much greater poet than his father. Many of our readers will remember the appearance of that remarkable poem 'Tannhäuser, or the Battle of the Bands.' It was in no respect inferior to any of those poems which under the assumed name of Owen Meredith had so charmed the world, and at least one strain is numbered in the classics of the language. The joint author was discovered to be Mr. Julian Fane, a son of Lord Burghersh, a young man who did very well both at Cambridge and in the diplomatic service. He seems to have been a man of most loving disposition, with a rare art of conciliating

friendship. It is difficult to see what he could really have hoped to achieve in literature, and in raising this cairn to his memory Mr. Lytton has totally omitted any facts that might serve to give colour or vitality to his memoir of his friend. Mr. Lytton seems to write chiefly to display his own critical faculties, and the display is by no means of the most gratifying kind. Very touching are the references to Mr. Fane's wife and mother. His wife only lived with him for two years and then she died; Mr. Fane survived her just two years. To his mother he wrote some verses every year, the last when dying—

'O mother, I clasp'd death; but seeing thy face,
Leap'd from his dark arms to thy dear embrace!'

And now may we say an honest word to the author of the memoir. Owen Meredith was a great success, but Robert Lytton threatens to become a comparative or a superlative failure. His more recent writings, both in prose and verse, have greatly declined from the standard of his early reputation. It may well be worth his while to lie by quietly for a time and seek to produce something worthy of his own and of his ancestral fame.

We have another art biography in the 'Life and Letters of William Bewick.'* It does not appear to us that the life of Mr. Bewick was worth writing, or that his letters are worth the reading. He is of course to be carefully distinguished from the earlier artist Thomas Bewick, whose engravings of birds and animals, delicious vignettes and tail-pieces, made an era in the history of art, and have

* 'Julian Fane: A Memoir.' By Robert Lytton. Murray.

* 'Life and Letters of William Bewick (Artist).' Edited by Thomas Landseer, A.R.A. Hurst and Blackett.

been a source of exhaustless pleasure. He had an acquaintance with the great man's daughter, who kindly gave him her father's silver-mounted blackthorn walking-stick, and imparted the interesting fact that he used to wear a velvet cap in doors. This William Bewick was an able copyist of oil-paintings and a good portrait-painter, and living in the north country, and having a high reputation among the wealthy north-country people, he made a better fortune than many a better man. It is said, however, that his life has a good moral, for, like Macclise, he came to London and worked his own way, and there are a few good stories, which may be easily picked out, to be found in the memoirs. Two professors in the university of Glasgow found him copying a Rembrandt, and were unable to say which was the Rembrandt and which the Bewick, a fact which may say something for Bewick but very little for the professors. In early life he saw a good deal of Haydon, who got him to put his name to accommodation bills: he gives further anecdotes of Haydon's genius, poverty, and desperate shifts. The Ettrick Shepherd told him of a neat way in which he had tested the authorship of the Waverley novels. He had them bound and lettered as Scott's novels instead of *Scotch novels*, and Sir Walter did not venture to protest. He met Wordsworth and Ugo Foscolo at Haydon's, and endeavours to give a transcript of their conversation. We have a story of Wilkie going to Castle Howard and giving great offence to Lord Carlisle and his housekeeper by asking 'When does Lord Carlisle dine?' as if he expected an invitation. He went to see the Eglinton tournament, which kind-hearted Lord Eglinton got up in his enthusiasm about

Ivanhoe. He met Lord Norbury at dinner, and heard his servant admonish him that he had taken enough wine. He has an interesting reminiscence of Miss Mitford: 'She had fine eyes, a very happy face, and beautiful expression. I thought her very pretty, full of spirit and genius.' There is a letter full of eloquent enthusiasm about the Manchester Art Exhibitors, but the P.S. is full of the bathos of the subject. 'There is a donkey painted by me for Haydon; it is the property of Lord de Tabley and is called Haydon!' We must not omit what we think was Mr. Bewick's chief distinction, that the poet Goethe, through the German consul, commissioned Bewick to execute for him a large cartoon of some of the figures in the Elgin marbles, that German men of taste might obtain some idea of these sculptures. We have an interesting letter from Gibson, the sculptor, who says, 'I devote all my soul and body to my art and rise up with the sun. My life being so active, months and years gallop over my head with great rapidity. Old age and death will ere long put an end to my labours. My labours will live to be judged of by man, and my soul by God.'

GEORGE GROTE.

All lovers of sound learning heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. Grote. In Greek scholarship he had many equals and some superiors, but no mere verbal scholar could even have shadowed forth the scheme of the great history. Our great regret is that he never belonged to either university. Cambridge scholarship is mainly verbal, but every Oxford man who tried for final honours had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Grote's volumes,

and entertained for Mr. Grote a kind of personal interest and regard. Most of the countless visitors to the Academy this season have noticed his fine portrait by Millais in his robes as Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, a distinction to which he attached a great, perhaps an exaggerated, importance. In estimating the place of Mr. Grote in literature and scholarship we desire to make the highest estimate. Indeed it would be impossible to exaggerate his intellectual merits or to do justice to that massive, simple, sincere character which so endeared him to his friends. Mr. Jowett, in his recent great work, calls him his 'father Parmenides.' But on the whole the influence of Mr. Grote has for some years past been a declining influence. As his history became well known and thoroughly sifted men perceived that it was less a history of Greece than a theory and defence of what may be called Constitutional Athens. Men have looked for other lights, and a strong reaction set in against some of his theories which had been considered most brilliant and successful. Scholar after scholar differed from him on such subjects as the Platonic canon and his theory of the Sophists. There was always a curious touch of pedantry about Mr. Grote. He not only advocated the ballot but his own machine of 'acupuncture.' He not only sought to revolutionise the received views of Greek history, but to alter all the ways of spelling in the mode so pleasantly satirised by Lord Lytton's 'Pisistratus Caxton.' The charm of the History for students was that it imparted modern politics and philosophy into Greek history; but unfortunately both the politics and philosophy are mistaken. The philosophy is that

identified with the two Mills, that utilitarian scheme which is so thoroughly opposed to the deeper thought and earnestness of our most profound thinkers, and the political opinions were of that republican stamp which have been so largely tested and found so greatly wanting. It is curious that while German students read Mr. Grote's work, English students study the German work of Curtius, which, to a considerable degree, is superseding Mr. Grote's work at Oxford. It must also be said that his great work on Plato was to a considerable extent a mistake. Mr. Grote's great fondness and aptitude for speculation found no sufficient scope in the History. He designed to supplement it by exhaustive works on Plato and Aristotle. He ought to have made sure of Aristotle. Coleridge said that every man is Platonist or Aristotelian, and Mr. Grote was born Aristotelian. Unhappily a solitary volume will represent all that is left about Aristotle by the man who understood Aristotle most of all. The immense work on Plato is already superseded by Professor Jowett's work, and indeed no Platonist has ever been satisfied with Mr. Grote's discussions on Plato. We deeply respect the learned, thoughtful writer whose loss we deplore, but even amid the general stream of eulogium it is worth while to endeavour to test accurately a great author's precise position in literature. That place will certainly be unique. It may suit ambitious Oxford men to get the newest work on the subject, like that of Curtius, just as they neglected Bishop Thirlwall's magnificent work for that of Grote. But Mr. Grote's volumes, in dealing with Athens and the contemporary history of Greece, are unapproached and unapproachable. The fact

that he was long a member of parliament helped him, as it helped Gibbon and helped Macaulay, to comprehend the life of Athens in its law, its freedom, its literature, its oratory. The student who understands Mr. Grote's volumes will have a better comprehension of English history. Though he may be wrong in his results, his method and his discussions have given many university men their first insight into political education, and his style, rugged, weighty, sincere, well reflect the analogous personal character of the great historian, who, even in his history, was a politician and partisan.

ON CERTAIN KINDS OF REVENGE.

In Pope's Correspondence there is a letter from Wycherley, who says of their mutual friend Sir William Trumbull, that he 'had almost made me marry, more than my nephew's ill carriage to me; having once resolved to have revenged myself upon him by my marriage, but now am resolved to make my revenge greater upon him by his marriage.' Wycherley's property was entailed on his nephew, who would not allow him to sell some land wherewith to pay a thousand pounds of debt. But there was power to charge the estate with a widow's jointure; and Wycherley found a young lady who gave him some ready money and received in return four hundred a year. He would not marry until his life was despaired of, and then exacted a promise from his young wife that she would never again marry an old man. This was certainly a very curious way of revenging oneself upon a nephew. It was not, however, unparalleled. There are other cases in which men of great estates, finding that their present successors were raising post-obits and were evidently pre-

paring ruin for the family estates, have judiciously determined to marry. One venerable septuagenarian became the joyful parent of a numerous and vigorous progeny. I have no doubt, too, but their young brides were very fond of their senile husbands. I have seen, within my own experience, cases of almost romantic attachment between January and May. The other day I heard a very pretty story on the subject. An old gentleman, leaving a country house, found a good and very beautiful girl in tears. He talked with her, and made the discovery that she was weeping because he was going away. Whereupon he spoke, and they were married. A philosopher might uphold that such love, so far as it is spiritual and intellectual, wellnigh ignores years.

I remember once hearing of a lady who had married out of sheer revenge. The right man had omitted to propose or had proposed to somebody else. Whereupon she took a man who was simply ugly, old and stupid. In advanced life she candidly owned how it was that she had made such a marriage. It was simply done out of spite. She had a sort of idea that the man she loved would be grieved at her marriage, and she wanted to grieve him. I believe, after all, that she found a very tolerable husband. Mr. Trollope would call such a marriage a heavenly marriage. In his last work, 'Ralph the Heir,' he essays to be learned and philosophical on the subject of such marriages. I always like to watch Mr. Trollope's attempts to become serious. I noticed the other day a shrewd remark of his, 'the difference between beauty of one kind and beauty of another kind in a woman's face—the one beauty which comes from health and

youth and animal spirits, and which belongs to the miller's daughter; and the other beauty which shows itself in fine lines and a noble spirit—the beauty which comes from breeding.' Mr. Trollope seems to feel that he yields a great power and exercises a great responsibility; and so he administers a little thoughtful talk in his fictions, in the proportion of the hap'orth of bread to the huge total of sack. He says that it is evidently the intention of Providence that men and women should live together; and so they must shake down together in some fashion, and that's now the end of it. An acid and an alkali are not at all of similar dispositions, but the combination is often extremely useful. So an acid woman and an alkaline man may, in the eternal fitness of things, be a kind of combination that may answer some particular purpose. I suspect that Mr. Trollope's philosophy, though he does not use the chemical image, is something of this sort. I hope this lady found her peculiar kind of revenge sweeter than she had a right to expect.

Other instances of revenge might be given of that sort which is sometimes forcibly spoken of as 'cutting off one's nose to spite his face.' This is surely analogous to the Happy Despatch theory. A Japanese kills himself for the barren satisfaction that his adversary may follow his example. On the same principle a child will go without dinner in order to spite the governess. A man won't go out to dinner because he was not asked out on an earlier occasion. I know a man who is very fond of his aunt; but his enemies say that he is looking out for her money. He has nobly resolved to refuse her legacy; which would seem to me an instance of this kind of revenge. There was a man who

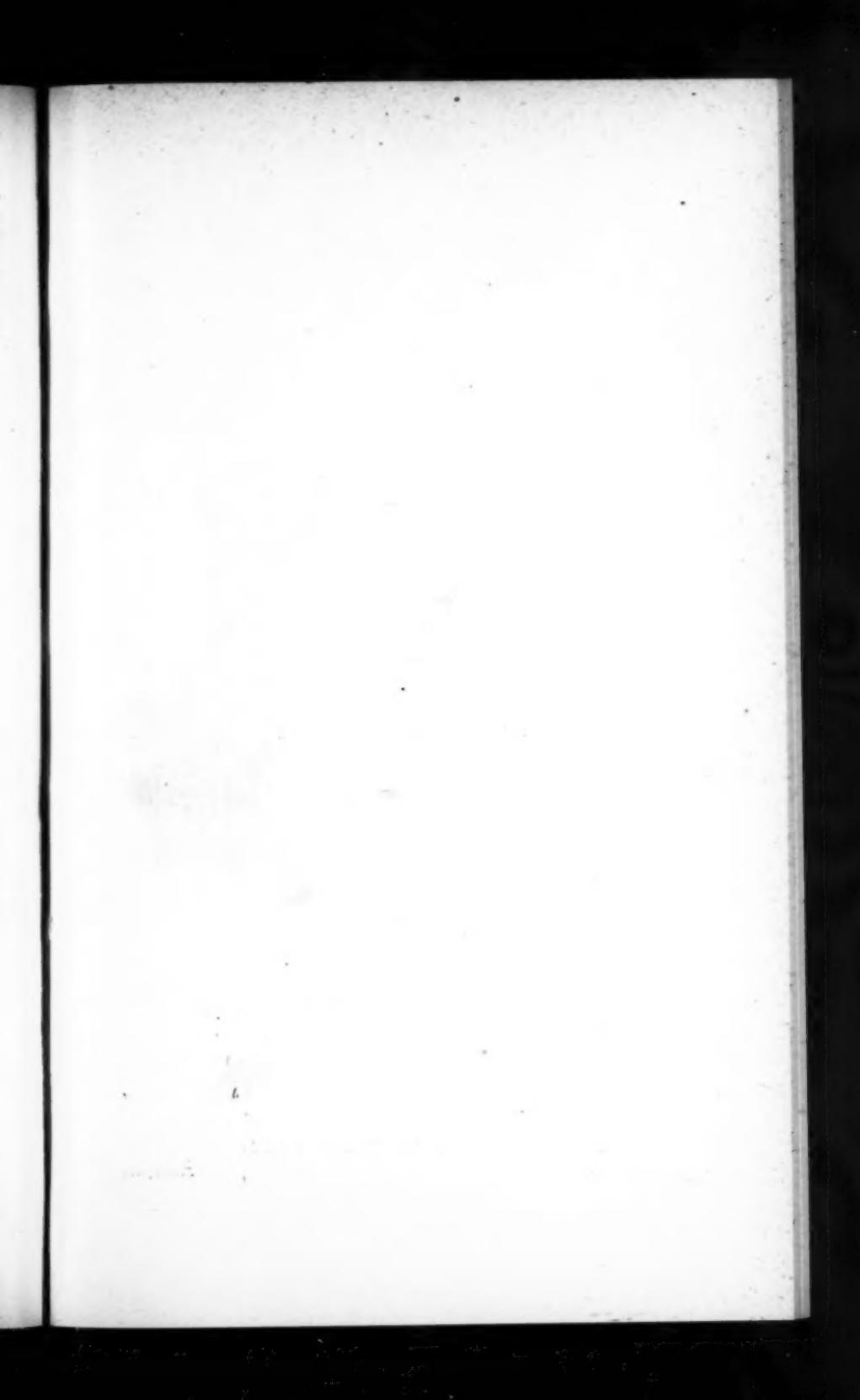
lost a Snell Exhibition at Balliol, which he was trying for. He determined that he would enter the college as a commoner, distance and defeat the successful competitor in every possible way, and make the Glasgow University authorities thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The motive was not a very good one, but the results might have been valuable—only the young hero found that Balliol distinctions were not very easy, and went into the army instead. There was a man who only came out third-class. He was disgusted with the examiners; I expect, also, that he was rather disgusted with himself. Nevertheless, he set to work and produced an admirable work on the very subjects on which he was nearly plucked. Now this was an admirable sort of revenge; and though not without affinity to preceding examples has yet to be distinguished from them. It may be said that all through social life there is an organised system of tit for tat. A favour is everywhere a favour; but slights and injuries are also treasured up, perhaps with a still greater degree of ease.

There is just one kind of revenge, of a very refined and noble kind, which may be allowed and imitated: we mean, self-revenge. We may forgive other people, but sometimes a man has hardly any right to forgive himself. A man often revenges himself by love for his hate, by activity for his indolence, and by repentance for his misdoings. Sometimes this shows itself in a ludicrous kind of way. I met a man once in the deepest state of depression. He told me, with much lamentation, that he had just partaken of pudding. He confessed that pudding was his weakness, and he was resolved that he would abstain from pudding. And there are many similar instances. I know men who are fond of admo-

nishing, and exhorting, and taking revenge upon themselves. 'Jones, old fellow, you mucked all the day away yesterday with those girls. You must sport oak to-day and work.' 'Jones, old fellow, you lost too much money at whist last evening. You must knock off that customary bottle of champagne at dinner, to square things.' 'Tomken, my boy, you acted very caddishly to your old school-friend. I am ashamed of you. Go and ask him to dinner.' At times there is a much more vigorous kind of revenge. At times too the

self-revenge is incomplete and unsuccessful. You cannot undo what you have done, absolve the fates and accomplish poetic justice. Tennyson shadows out the case where a man is 'himself the judge and jury and himself the prisoner at the bar.' If a man constitute himself into a court of review for himself, and can pass and carry out a sentence of his own, that revenge will probably be of a noble and elevated type which would quite deprive the word of any unfavourable meaning.







AUTUMN: THE WISHING GATE.

Drawn by M. E. Edwards.]

Frontispiece.

LONDON SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.



AT A BAZAAR.

FOR fashion or for charity,
Religion or flirtation,
To clothe domestic paupers' backs,
To Christianize a nation
Of dusky pagans whereso'er
Their savage quarters are,
**Expecto seruare*, no device
Is found like a Bazaar.